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Contents

Editorial Notes 239
Leading Editorials
Economic and Political Unity Among the Allies 241
The Fourth Liberty Loan 244
Improving English Education 245
General Articles
The Eastern Front ..... H. Sidebotham 247
De Nobis Fabula ..... Alvin Johnson 248
The Training of the A.E.F. .. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 251
London, Midnight (Verse) ..... John Gould Fletcher 253
The Education of Joan and Peter ..... H. G. Wells 254
A Communication ..... Arthur O. Lovejoy 257
Correspondence 259
Reviews of Books
Creative America ..... F. H. 261
A Book of Souls ..... Lola Ridge 262
National Self-Government ..... H. J. L. 264
Dostoevsky Stories 267

THE issue of the summer's fighting in France will be decided within the next two weeks. At the end of that time we shall know whether the Germans will settle down for the winter on the old Hindenburg line, or whether they will be forced back to a shorter line nearer the frontier. If the Allied armies are to succeed in rendering the old line untenable before the winter sets in, they will have to strike at an early date a series of more powerful and successful blows than those which they have been able to strike recently. The task may be beyond their strength. The English army has given a superb exhibition of resiliency and sustained fighting power during the past two months. The French army has done equally well. But the cost of the whole summer's fighting must have been terrific, and if they prove to be spent it would be only natural. Our own guess is, however, that General Foch has the resources to strike before the winter sets in, and that he will strike hardest with the English at one end of the line and with the Americans at the other. The political advantages of a further German retreat would be enormous. It would bring to a head all the accumulating depression, anxiety and anti-governmental agitation in Germany. It would give much more reality to the concessions which Central Europe will during the next four months offer for the sake of securing peace. Finally, if Foch is unable to strike hard enough to penetrate the deep and dangerous German system of defense, we may be sure the German army will counter-attack in force some time soon. A successful military reaction would be as helpful to the German government during the coming winter as a further retreat would be disastrous.

ALLIED operations on the Macedonian front are proceeding with a degree of success that affords a hope that Macedonia may in the near future be cleared of the enemy. If the Uskub-Saloniki railway line is cut, the Bulgarian and Teutonic armies before Saloniki will have no safe alternative except to retreat to the passes of northern Macedonia. Such a turn of events would be extremely discouraging to the Bulgars. When they entered the war they believed that after a short campaign they would have established themselves permanently in Macedonia. The war has already dragged out far beyond their expectations. So also has it exceeded the expectations of everyone else; but the Bulgarians, as a people of peasants, with every man needed at home, are in a much worse position to endure a protracted war than are the industrial nations. If the Allies can put adequate force behind the thrust against Macedonia, there is little doubt that Bulgaria can be put out of the war. She accepted peace promptly in the second Balkan war as soon as the war was going against her. She will not hold out indefinitely now.

GENERAL ALLENBY'S new victory over the Turks is not only his most brilliant and thorough achievement so far, but also a surprise attack of a kind that we had all come to think impossible in this war, because of those aerial recon-

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naissances which neither side has been sufficiently master of the air to prevent. But in Palestine the British mastery of the air was absolute. General Allenby was able unobserved to concentrate men behind the Turkish army, and to give the Turks the surprise of their lives by cutting off their retreat. His victory is another token of that general crumbling of the enemy which has been going on since July 18th. The process will not of course be uninterrupted on all fronts, but there is every reason to hope that it will gather volume month by month. In Palestine itself the interruptions will probably be few and not serious. Turkish rule in that country is nearing its end. And no treaty of peace will restore it.

ACCORDING to the Washington dispatches of last week, the President himself was responsible for the action of the Post Office Department in permitting the issue of the Nation of September 14th to pass through the mails. If this report of the President's interference is true, we trust that he relieved himself of the need of further interference of the same kind by formulating more definite rules for the exercise in the future of the Post Office censorship of opinion. Whatever may be the justification for the criminal prosecutions for sedition under the espionage act which are being undertaken by the Department of Justice, they conform to legal process and give to the accused his day in court and a public hearing. But the Post Office censorship in its method of operation constitutes an extreme case of the exercise of an arbitrary administrative discretion. An editor who may wish to criticize certain aspects of the government's policy without violating the law cannot insure himself against the danger of suppression. In the case of the Nation of September 14th, most of the people who read the number attributed the threat of condemnation in the beginning to the article on civil rights rather than to the article on Mr. Gompers. It is an ironical fact that just when the American Post Office was threatening to suppress the issue of a journal for criticizing the activities of Mr. Gompers in England, Mr. Gompers himself was offering a resolution to the Allied Labor Conference in favor of an international guaranty of freedom of speech.

IN relation to freedom of publication there is a story told about Lord Northcliffe which is pertinent to the situation now existing in this country. Early during the war an English labor paper was temporarily suppressed for printing articles which drastically criticized the war policy of the government. During the period of suspense Lord Northcliffe wrote the editor of the paper stating his positive detestation of that gentleman's opinion, but adding that if the labor paper were permanently suppressed he would adopt the cause of the labor paper as his own and fight for its right to continue publication. Considering Lord Northcliffe's opposition to any government censorship of opinion the story is plausible. Before the war one would have expected many American editors to have adopted the same attitude. The American press was violent and unqualified in its opposition to the restrictions on freedom of utterance proposed in the first espionage bill. If there was a tradition which seemed firmly established in this country, it was the tradition of permitting even during war the publication of erroneous and perhaps mischievous opinions. It was based on the knowledge that when opinion is suppressed, the agency of suppression is irresistibly tempted to over-reach itself and act in arbitrary ways. It was based on the principle that the only way to safeguard the dissemination of truth was to permit the dissemination of doctrines which seem erroneous to prevailing public opinion. Some day this principle will be restored to its former authority. In the meantime we should like to see some conspicuous editor follow the example of the editor of the New York World and declare himself against the suppression of utterances which he profoundly dislikes but which, no matter how erroneous, unpopular or opposed to the policy of the government they may be, are not accompanied by obstructive acts.

SO far as can be judged from this distance and with as yet inadequate information, Samuel Gompers's visit to England and his attendance at the Trades Union Congress and the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference has on the whole had the effect of diminishing the division between British and American labor. The Socialist Conference did, indeed, reaffirm its belief in an inter-belligerent conference in spite of American opposition, but there does not appear to have been any other serious disagreement. The American delegates joined those of France, Great Britain and Italy in recommending an inter-Allied conference on war aims, and when their European brethren proposed as the guiding principles of the proposed conference Mr. Wilson's non-imperialist and non-punitive programme, the Americans had, of course, no reason to object. There is evidence also of real caution and discretion on Mr. Gompers's part in his attitude towards the existing cleavage in the ranks of British labor. Many Englishmen feared that his visit, like that of the first American labor mission, would operate to widen the breach between the Labor party and the so-called pure trades-unionists headed by Havelock Wilson. Mr. Gompers must have sympathized with the latter, because he is in

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favor of direct rather than political action on the part of labor, but in his speeches and published statements he carefully refrained from interference. Although we cannot feel sure of the truth of the impression until the mail brings fuller accounts from England of the conferences in which he participated, it looks as if he had succeeded in doing nothing to embroil and something to assuage past differences and misunderstandings.

CONSTITUTIONAL stirrings in Germany lend themselves to a cynical interpretation. What could be more natural than that Germany should strive to break the will to war of the democratic nations by presenting a specious appearance of reform? But this is certainly not all there is to German political unrest. The German government may need to share power with the people in order to make peace. It will certainly need to share power with the people in order to carry on a war that is plainly entering upon its defensive stage. Whether Germany is yet anywhere near the condition in which the popular parties can hope to snatch the power away from the feudal autocracy we have no means of knowing. But we can confidently predict that Germany will approach this stage. What will exhibit the change will be a far more thoroughgoing programme of the Reichstag majority than that of 1916. They will demand control not only of the civil administration, but of the army and foreign affairs. They will propose terms of peace that not only leave to the peace conference the revision of the Eastern treaties—which, it is reported, Hertling is now ready to do—but will accept the democratic principles on which alone those treaties can be properly revised. When the Reichstag majority can give such evidence of popular control over the government, it will be time to stop talking of "peace traps" and address ourselves seriously to the discussion of peace.

ACCORDING to an Associated Press dispatch dated September 21st, "Secretary Lansing today reiterated that the efforts of American troops at Vladivostok and Archangel were solely to aid the Czecho-Slovaks to leave Russia for the western front and not to establish an eastern battlefront." It is not easy to harmonize this "reiteration" with the earlier declaration of the State Department, issued on August 3d by Mr. Polk, that the United States had "proposed to the government of Japan that each of the two governments send a force of a few thousand men to Vladivostok, with the purpose of cooperating as a single force in the occupation of Vladivostok and in safeguarding, so far as it may, the country to the rear of the westward-moving Czecho-Slovaks." At that time these Czecho-Slovaks were strung along the Siberian railway from the Urals to Lake Baikal, and if their object had been to get to the western front as soon as possible their obvious course was to strike out for Vladivostok by the eastern Chinese railway across Manchuria. Their only purpose in moving westward instead of eastward must have been the establishment of an eastern battlefront, an enterprise in which Mr. Lansing now says the American troops in Russia will not help them. The only way of reconciling Mr. Polk's statement with Mr. Lansing's is by imputing to Mr. Polk the expectation that the Czecho-Slovaks west of Lake Baikal would move westward on the Trans-Siberian, reach Vologda, and finally leave Russia by Archangel.

SUCH an expectation would be odd enough to justify us in supposing that Mr. Polk never entertained it, and that the discrepancy between his declaration and Mr. Lansing's is to be explained on the assumption that the State Department has changed its mind. It now sees the function of the Czecho-Slovaks in Russia as more restricted. Their business is to get out of Russia by the quickest route. This later opinion is also much sounder. No one can measure in advance the misery that the Russians will suffer this winter, but all observers agree in fearing that millions may die of starvation. German agents in Russia will of course do their utmost to convince the Russians, who know there is plenty of wheat in the country, that it is the Czecho-Slovaks' stoppage of railway traffic from Siberia and the Volga territory which is responsible for the famine, and that the Allies are responsible for the Czecho-Slovaks. The sooner we can help the Czecho-Slovaks out of Russia, the less will be the success of this German propaganda, the less and the less lasting the Russian feeling against us and our Allies.

Economic and Political Unity Among the Allies

THE recent Inter-Allied Labor Conference in London approved, as it was bound to do, the rejection by the Allied governments of the Austrian proposal for a secret preliminary conference, but it accompanied its approval with an important positive recommendation. It urged the Allied governments to question their enemies as to some of the specific terms on which the Central Powers will make peace, and it wished them also to encourage such a statement by a joint declaration of their own war aims. "It is by defining their own war aims jointly with the United States and with the same precision and clearness," says

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the report of the committee, "that the Allied governments will give to the workers of the world the conviction that they are resolved to continue the struggle, not in order to meet the aggression of the Central Monarchies by undertaking in their turn a war of conquest, but for the single purpose of establishing on an unassailable foundation a peace which will be just and lasting and in conformity with the aspirations of international democracy."

The reason given in the committee's report is not the only reason which entitles the recommendation to serious consideration. The statement of Mr. Arthur Balfour, published immediately after the appearance of the Austrian note, attributed the desire of the Austrian government for a conference to an expectation on its part of securing in this way an opportunity of sowing dissension among the Allies. The accusation is doubtless true, but so far as it is true it indicates a dangerous weakness in the political unity of the Alliance and in its future ability to write a satisfactory peace. As long as the Allies fail to adopt a joint statement of war aims, they will always be exposed to diplomatic intrigues of the enemy, designed to sow dissension among them. If they do not cure this weakness in their position, a peace conference a year or two from now would be subject to the same dangers as a peace conference today; and these dangers would not be alleviated by military victory, no matter how decisive. France was decisively beaten before the Congress of Vienna, but her defeat did not prevent Talleyrand from taking advantage for the benefit of France of the divergent policies and interests of her conquerors.

The failure to agree upon a statement of war aims and upon a joint economic and diplomatic policy is a grave flaw in the war policy of the Allies, and the chief obstacle to their prospects of a final and permanent political triumph over Prussianism. If they can agree, as there is every reason to believe they can agree, the sooner they take advantage of their unity and embody it in a joint programme the better it will be for their military success and their powers of moral endurance. If they have difficulties in agreeing, these difficulties should be faced now, when they feel the pressure of urgent motives for preserving a united front, rather than at the peace conference when these motives will not be so powerful.

As to many important parts of the Allied peace programme, there are only insignificant divergencies of opinion. It will not be difficult to forge a joint policy with respect to the territorial conditions out of the proposals suggested by the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference of last February. The divergence of interest and opinion and, consequently, the difficulty of reaching an agreement, exist chiefly in regard to the kind of political and economic system which different states in the Alliance and different parties in all the states of the Alliance desire to see brought into existence as a result of the war. If they can reach an agreement with respect to these differences, based on the principles already laid down by President Wilson, the western democracies will both forestall the further development of embarrassing ferments of opinion within the fold, and also lay the foundation for a joint diplomatic and economic policy, which will assist their armies in bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

Take, for instance, the matter of Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. There is implied in President Wilson's principles an Austro-Hungarian and Balkan settlement which would promote the happiness of the near-eastern peoples and the security of Europe, but the status of these principles in international politics is not essentially different from that of the Monroe Doctrine before America entered the war. They have not been accepted by European and Asiatic governments allied with America, and there are ambiguities in their meaning and application which impair their effectiveness as a programme. Do they imply a dismemberment of Austria-Hungary? If not, how can the refusal to dismember Austria-Hungary be reconciled with the independence of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs? If Austria-Hungary is to be dismembered, what international arrangements do the Allied governments propose for the protection of the minority alien nationalities which will survive in all the new national states? How can the independence of these states be guaranteed, unless the guaranty is made contingent on the observance of certain general rules of international good behavior? If so, what are they? Are any provisions to be inserted in the settlement which will promote interstate trade in eastern Europe and prevent the revival of vexatious economic discriminations by one state against another which are certain to develop into pretexts for future wars? Finally, what will be done to satisfy those national aspirations of the Grecian people which are compromised by Italian ambitions in the Aegean?

The answers to most of the questions suggested in the preceding paragraph depend ultimately upon the kind of world which the Allies propose to create at the peace conference. They will demand one kind of answer in case the western democracies intend to restore and to re-affirm the old system of exclusive competing national sovereignties. They will demand another kind of answer in case they convert themselves into an international constituent assembly for the creation of a new society of inter-

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dependent nations. The most dangerous flaw in the political unity of the Allies arises from disagreement upon this fundamental matter. In their published declarations of policy, America and Great Britain have attached much more importance to a League of Nations than have France and Italy. The major task of any inter-Allied conference would assuredly be the discussion, and, if possible, the removal of this difference. Assuming that they could reach an agreement upon the need of forming such a League as the only sufficient guarantor and foundation of their proposed structure of international justice, their next most important task would be to reach an agreement as to the sacrifices and the responsibilities which membership in the League will impose on the participating states. Here again grave differences of opinion exist among statesmen and publicists who are agreed upon the desirability of the League itself. Some of them consider it necessary to insist upon a League of Free Nations and, consequently, favor a continuation of the war against Germany until the Germans agree to subject their army and foreign policy to parliamentary or popular control. Others consider such conditions to be unnecessary or irrelevant. A similar difference of opinion exists as to the use to which the Allied governments should put their power of economic discrimination against Germany. How far should the economic weapon be used as a threat? If it is used as a threat, in what respect will its use aid or injure the project of forming a League of Nations?

The removal of these differences and ambiguities in the particular policies of the several members of the Alliance will, as we have already suggested, contribute considerably to Allied military victory. We have recently had one striking illustration of the truth of this assertion. The vicissitudes of the Italian army during the past year prove sufficiently the military disadvantages of the pursuit by one member of an alliance of aggressive and dubious national ambitions, not cordially approved by its allies, and the military advantages of doing away with this particularism. Early in the fall of 1917, the Italian army was occupying an exposed position in enemy territory, a position into which it had been pushed by doubtful political rather than strictly military reasons. The Italian government cherished certain territorial ambitions in Dalmatia and elsewhere which interfered with the national ambitions of the Jugo-Slavs and which some of Italy's allies disapproved. The Italian government was straining every effort to secure military occupation of this territory, because it was not sure whether it could obtain a defensible title in any other way. But this isolated and aggressive military policy weakened the chance of victory. It operated to consolidate Austro-Hungarian enemies. The Slavic troops of that empire, who deserted when employed in Serbia and Galicia, were willing to fight against the Italians, who like the Hapsburgs were opposed to the realization of their own national aspirations. The same cause impaired Italian domestic unity by encouraging socialists to agitate against Italian imperialism and this agitation was sufficiently serious to bring about disaffection in the army. Finally, it provoked in the governments of the other Allied nations an indisposition to lend Italy as much assistance as they were capable of rendering. All these causes contributed to the defeat of the Italian army and their costly retirement to the Piave. The disaster forced the Allies to adopt a more unified military organization, but the defeat and the closer military cooperation had also a salutary political effect. It exposed and discredited the Italian political particularism. Some months later liberal Italy reached an agreement with the Jugo-Slavs which abated the grievances of that people against Italian national policy, and this agreement at once increased dissension in the ranks of the enemy and allayed the disaffection at home. When the Austrians launched another offensive about the middle of June, it was they who suffered from disaffection and treachery. The New Europe of August 15th published an Austrian communiqué of July 27th which attributed the failure of their attack to the betrayal of their plans to the Italians by Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav spies and deserters. Thus Italian defeat in the fall was born in part of unsound politics, and Italian victory in the summer sprang from a new political policy which brought moral and political assistance to the power of the Italian armies.

So it is with the anti-German alliance as a whole. If, in the near future, the Allies can achieve political unity on the basis just suggested by the war socialists in London—that is, President Wilson's programme of last January—they will have erected an insurmountable barrier against future German and Austrian intrigues, and they will have accelerated and assured their own military and political victory. By accelerating military victory we do not mean that inter-Allied political unity will create disaffection in Germany just as the more liberal Italian policy succeeded in creating disaffection in the Austro-Hungarian army. The common inter-Allied policy indicated by Mr. Wilson and defended by the war socialists will have to be imposed in spite of the most tenacious resistance from the German nation. But the announcement of such a policy would teach the Germans what at worst to expect, and it would provide a basis of ultimate reconciliation, which the German working classes are likely to appreciate as soon as they face the fact of actual defeat. The

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emphasis which it would place on the need of blocking German plans in the east would demand the resurrection of an eastern front and the military occupation of those territories of which Turkey and Austria-Hungary are to be deprived. Finally, its effect on the moral cohesion of the members of the Alliance would be clearly beneficial. In winning a victory over the divergent exclusive and particularist economic and political policies, which still separate the western democracies one from another, they would be winning a victory over the imperialist spirit of which German policy has been the most flagrant example. They would be proving their own ability to bring into existense a world in which aggressive national egotism cannot thrive.

The Fourth Liberty Loan

NO government loan has even been floated under conditions so favorable as those attending the Fourth Liberty Loan. Not only is the country solid in its support of the war, but there is a universal recognition of the determining role that America must play in the war and in the peace. We know what it is for which we must raise money. And the earlier Liberty Loans have taught us to translate the public need into terms of personal obligation. Everybody recognizes that it is his duty to contribute according to his ability. And millions of persons who had never before thought in terms of savings and investment have had the habit of bond-buying implanted in them by the Liberty Loan campaigns. They have come to understand that it is not sufficient to give of their surplus; the full performance of their obligation implies sacrifice. As a people we have gone beyond the stage in which we expected to live as usual, to carry on business as usual, while making war. We begin to see, though perhaps dimly, that only by cutting deep into our standards of civil consumption can we release the productive power that is required for war and place a curb upon the forces making for higher prices, with their attendant disturbance of civil relations and their inflation of the costs of war.

Presumably the amount which the government will set out to raise will be six billions. The country is able to oversubscribe it. But whether there will be the degree of oversubscription that will exhibit fully to the world the overwhelming financial power of the United States depends on a general recognition of the magnitude of the problem of raising so immense a sum.

We have long since overcome the delusion that a war loan can be financed out of reserve funds. There are no considerable accumulations of funds to be drawn upon. We have also got over the notion that a war loan can be financed out of capital. The man who sells what he has in order to buy Liberty bonds merely effects a redistribution of available purchasing power, however patriotic his purpose. In the last analysis the loan funds must come from the income currently received, that might otherwise go to the purchase of consumable goods or to the capitalization of enterprises we can do without until the war is over. What is the volume of this current income, and how is it distributed? These are the questions that must be answered if we are to see the problem of the loan in a clear light.

In the last years before the war our aggregate national income, according to the most reliable estimates, was approximately thirty-five billions. This income increased rapidly after 1914, partly as a result of the speeding up of production and partly as a result of an extraordinary rise in prices. The national income of 1916 was undoubtedly much greater than that of any previous year. It has been estimated conservatively at fifty billions. In 1917 the speeding up process and the rise of prices continued, with the result that the national income rose to an aggregate almost certainly in excess of sixty-five billions. At the present time, in spite of the withdrawal of men of productive age to serve in our armies, our national income is accruing at a rate that cannot be much less than seventy billions per annum and may be as great as seventy-five billions.

This is a colossal sum. Certainly it appears great enough to insure the success of all the public loans we may find it necessary to float in the course of the year.

Of these the next loan may be regarded as an installment claiming the savings of one third of a year. What it can draw into the public treasury are the accumulations since the last loan, together with credits anticipating income some months ahead. These credits, however, cannot be too far extended into the future, because more loans will presently be required. Properly, the loan should be drawn from the income of the two months preceding and the two months following its issue. And four months' income is, at the outside, twenty-five billions.

Of this twenty-five billions, how large a share goes to the very large incomes, from which the major portion can be saved without personal hardship? In 1916 the total net income of all individuals having three thousand a year and upward was $6,298,000,000, or about one-eighth of the estimated national income. In 1917 the corresponding figure may be estimated at about $8,000,000,000, again approximately one-eighth

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of the national income. We shall not be far wrong if we estimate individual incomes of $3,000 and upward at about one-eighth of the 25,000,000,000 aggregate for the four months that must support the next Liberty Loan. In 1916 one-fourth of the total income of three thousand and upwards fell between $3,000 and $10,000; another fourth between $10,000 and $30,000; a third fourth between $30,000 and $100,000 and the last fourth in incomes over $100,000. The last two categories can plainly be drawn upon heavily, and the first two categories ought to be productive. But all together they amount to little more than four billions.

Besides individual incomes, we have the incomes of corporations, amounting in 1916 to $8,766,000,000 and in 1917 to $10,500,000,000. We have here to deal with figures that are in part duplications of the figures for individual incomes. Over a quarter of the corporation income returns appear again in the individual returns as dividends. How much of the rest appears as interest we are unable to estimate. But most active corporations make a practice of retaining as surplus a considerable part of the earnings of such years as they are now experiencing. When the surpluses are not imperatively required for extensions, they may be invested in Liberty bonds. There are in addition items of corporate gross income that do not figure in net taxable income that are available for the same purpose, such as sums set aside to amortize plant not demanding immediate replacement. Assuming that corporate income for four months will aggregate five billions, there may be a billion of surplus and amortization funds available for the loan.

From these figures it must be clear that a loan of such magnitude as six billions must lean heavily upon the contributions of persons of very modest incomes. If those with incomes of three thousand and more were to give to the loan every cent they receive through four months, and if the corporations were in addition to invest in it surplus and amortization funds up to a billion dollars, the loan would still fall short by about a billion dollars. And of course the recipients of incomes above $3,000 will not give all they receive. They must live, at an expense very materially reducing the sum they can contribute. What is in fact their practical maximum? They can certainly not be expected to contribute more than three billions.

What we have before us, then, is the task of raising two billions at least from incomes aggregating, indeed twenty billions for the four months, but none of which exceeds the modest rate of $3,000 per annum and most of which are far below this figure.

The loan can succeed only at the cost of very material sacrifices voluntarily assumed by millions of men and women. That this is the clear implication of its terms is something every potential contributor ought to bear in mind when he asks himself how much he ought to contribute. What he can easily spare, yes; but how deeply shall he cut into his accustomed standards in order to contribute more? Very deeply indeed, unless he is willing to thrust upon the shoulders of others his proper share of the burdens of war.

Improving English Education

IT is an accomplishment of no small magnitude to have enacted a great measure of educational reconstruction in these febrile times. The Fisher bill, which has just received the royal assent, places English education, the university problem apart, at the head of European systems. It is evidence of the realization that has come to the British mind that no social structure can even approach to adequacy where there is lacking in the general mass of the population that preparation for intellectual freedom without which life is unmeaning. The act, professedly, is the beginning, and not the end of a social evolution without its parallel in European significance. The first generation educated under the compulsory system in England is, today, only across the threshold of middle age; but already its political influence has transformed Great Britain from an aristocracy to a state of which the institutions are, at least in form, democratic. The real fruits of this measure will not be reaped by this generation; but we may at least be certain that the harvest is to be a rich one.

What, perhaps, is most significant in the new measure is the limits of the field it has set out to traverse. It provides for the establishment of nursery schools for children under five and thus makes possible the application to them of the fruitful experimentation of recent years. The school medical system is extended on broad and liberal lines. Child labor is totally prohibited until the age of twelve, and partially abolished for two years longer. Until the age of eighteen compulsory attendance for two hundred and eighty hours a year at continuation-schools is required; and though the children who leave school in the next seven years are exempted from this prohibition, the loss is the less to be regretted in that the necessary machinery of the act can hardly be in full working before that date. The avenues to higher education are widened; and a substantial monetary encouragement is offered to local authorities to embark upon the urgent task of increasing teachers' salaries. Indeed, not the least promising feature of the whole scheme is the effort to galvanize town and county

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councils into educational activity by the method of that fruitful English device, the grant in aid. Means are also taken to effect a very thorough survey of the resources of lower education throughout England. Taken in a broad perspective, the Act offers the most encouraging evidence to hand that the propulsion given to liberal tendencies by the programme of the British Labor party has not been without valuable results.

Not that the Act is without its defects. Regrettable concessions had to be made to the selfish industrial interests, principally situated in the Lancashire cotton district, which batten upon child-labor. The permission to local authorities to use employers' continuation school in lieu of any creation of their own looks like the deliberate sanction of a vocational system which will defeat exactly the objects the Act is intended to serve. The increase in teachers' salaries ought to be accompanied by a generous pension scheme to be really adequate for the purpose intended. Above all, it would have been a precious experiment to compel local authorities to utilize members of the teaching profession in the official promulgation of educational policy. Mr. Fisher would doubtless reply that his Act has already been as heavily weighted as the traffic can immediately bear; and, unquestionably, it is a great achievement to have insisted, even in so hesitating a fashion, on the supreme place an educational system must bear in the national economy. The presence, moreover, of so eminent an educationist as Mr. Fisher himself at the head of the Board is the guaranty of advance in the future.

Americans can hardly help watching such changes with anxious interest. It has too long been evident in this country that from no part of our educational system have we been receiving adequate return on our investment. We have still, thanks to the intellectual unregenerateness of the Supreme Court, to tackle the vital problem of child labor. We have still to pay our teachers an income sufficient to prevent their calling from remaining the ugly step-sister of the professions. We have not yet articulated the problems of school hygiene with those of the curriculum. The war has revealed how lamentably defective is the study of subjects like history and modern languages. In the latter regard, it is important to note that we have evolved no safeguards against that mistaken patriotism which leads an educational authority to cut off the study of a language which a committee of British experts has just reported second only in importance and necessary as an addition to French. Our teaching of civics touches always the framework only, and never the essence, of the problems of government. In the provision of text-books we suffer from scandals that are probably unexampled. Our teachers have method, discipline, detail, enthusiasm; but until some inspired successor of Professor Dewey popularizes his work, it seems likely that we shall continue to lack a real philosophy of education. Even our colleges are as yet, in the mass, little more than glorified high-schools; and the research of American graduates, distinguished as it is in the mere massiveness of product, has yet to learn grace and breadth and dignity of mind.

The fever of educational enquiry by which, as Mr. Fisher's Act bears witness, England has been seized, ought to be extended to ourselves. We have the same problems, only on a vaster scale. We need the same renaissance. The President could make no nobler beginning in the task of reconstruction than by the appointment of a commission that should survey our needs and resources. The suggestion of a federal minister of education probably cuts at the root of traditions so old and interests so strong that it is not immediately practical, even if it were advisable to take the educational problem into federal politics and centralize so varied an area of administration. But the position of vocational instruction suggests that, sooner or later, the federal government will be asked to assist in the extension of general educational facilities. It is clear that we shall have to construct a minimum standard of efficiency and of expenditure if the results are to be at all worthy of the civilization we have inherited. Above all, it needs to be brought home to our authorities how vast a field of European experiment has, so far, been neglected. We owe it to the next generation to improve upon the past; we can secure that advance only in so far as we recognize the existence of knowledge other than our own, and have the wisdom to apply it.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
WALTER E. WEYL

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The Eastern Front

IN general, everyone will agree that the eastern front ought to be reconstituted, if it can be without creating more difficulties than are solved. To say this is only the same thing as saying that it is a pity that Russia dropped out of the war. But how is it to be done? There are three suggestions—for the present they are hardly more than suggestions—for recovering the ground lost in the east by Russia's defection. One is the Murman expedition, another the Siberian expedition, and the third is hinted at rather than expressed by the arrival of the British contingent at Baku and at Krasnovodsk on the opposite shore of the Caspian.

The Murman expedition is valuable because it will prevent the enemy from establishing a submarine base in Arctic waters, and, should the Russian nationalists gain ground, it will give the Allies an opportunity of getting into touch with them and of furnishing them with munitions. But there is no question of our conducting military operations in northern Russia on a large scale. Similarly, our liability must equally be limited in eastern Siberia, though there we have the additional motive of relieving the Czecho-Slovaks from danger. The United States government will doubtless be willing to assist these operations with supplies, especially of the railway rolling stock which will be necessary if anything serious is to be done from this direction. But here, as elsewhere, the last word must rest with the Russian people. If they do not want to fight Germany, nothing that we can do will make them fight, and by persisting against their will we run the risk of making new enemies. President Wilson is keenly alive to the political dangers of this Siberian expedition.

But none of these political objections applies to the reconstitution of the Russian front on the side of Turkey. If the Allies after saving Paris in 1914 had once and for all disposed of Turkey, as they might have done before beginning offensives on the western front for which they were at that time hopelessly unprepared, there would have been no question of Russia's dropping out of the war. The main reason for her falling out was the barrier that Turkey interposed between Russia and effectual cooperation with the Allies. There were only two ways of establishing real strategical union between east and west. One was by the Baltic Sea, which however would probably have had the effect of embroiling Denmark in the war. The other way was by the Black Sea, where the keepers of the gate were the Turks to whom civilization owes no debt, except to extinguish for ever their power of mischief. If the Russian front is ever to be reconstituted, it will be over the dead political body of the Ottoman Empire. It follows that if America is to take an active part in the regeneration of eastern Europe, it will be necessary for her to declare war on Turkey. If she can add to that her mediation for the conclusion of an equitable peace between Bulgaria and the Allies—a peace that will secure both Serbia and Greece a great future—so much the better. Germany's plans of aggrandizement in the east will have been beaten as decisively as in the west, and in both spheres largely as the result of America's intervention in the war.

Of all the small nationalities involved in this war, perhaps none—not even the Serbs—has suffered so terribly as the Armenians; certainly none has received so little sympathy or recognition of its services. These Armenians have rendered in Asia much the same service as the Belgians in western Europe and the Serbs in eastern Europe. Each of these nationalities is the keeper of a bridge—the Belgians between Germany and the Lowlands of French Flanders, the Serbs between the Central Powers and the Balkans which led to their ambitions in Turkey, the Armenians between Turkey and the rest of Mohammedan Asia. Much has been said and written about the strategic importance of the Bagdad railway and the Persian Gulf, but the Armenians in the Caucasus between the Black Sea and the Caspian hold the master key. Through this country lie the approaches to Persia which turn the British position in Mesopotamia, and to Turkestan and Mohammedan Central Asia. Honorably have the Armenians discharged their trust. They might have made their terms with the Turks and remained neutral; instead they joined with the Russians and gave them invaluable assistance when they first invaded the country. For this service, when the Russians fell back, the Turks repaid them with the most frightful massacre even in their bloody history. Again the Russians returned, and again, when the revolution broke out, retired, and left the Armenians to their oppressors. Had the Allies six months ago been in a position to render assistance, the Armenians with the Georgians might have blocked this road between the Black Sea and the Caucasus. But the situation then in the west looked black, and the Germans managed to break up this promising Caucasian federation by political cajolery. The Turks have since poured across their country into northern Persia, and, except at Baku, where they are still cooperating with a force of Bolsheviki, there is no

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organized force of Armenians. The British, in the meantime, have sent flying forces along the road from Bagdad to Hamadan and so to Enzeli on the Caspian, whence a contingent has found its way into Baku.

No nation has ever sacrificed so much as the United States of America for the principles of the united command in the western theatre of war; but there is really no logical separation between the eastern and western theatres of war. What happens in the east, as we knew to our cost in France this year, exercises a profound influence on the campaign in the west. But for this separation by Turkey of Russia from her Allies, Russia might still have been in the war; and though we have written off the bad debt in the west created by her defection, it still runs in the east. What is more, Germany's sole hope in the war is to increase her gains in the east and so console herself and preserve the prestige of the Prussian system which has produced this Iliad of woes. There is no place where these hopes can be defeated so surely as in Turkey. Elsewhere our intervention in Russia undoubtedly runs great political risks, and its issues depend very largely on factors which are beyond our control. Not so in the middle east. It is a difficult way into Russia, but it is after all the shortest, and it leads us to an inland sea by which we can communicate both with the Czecho-Slovaks, the Don republicans and all the forces of Russian nationalism. Moreover, the fact that we should appear amongst them as enemies of the Turk, their hereditary enemy, would be the best refutation of German intrigues and vindicate our true character as liberators.

Nor is it only the future of the Armenians that is at stake. Armenia is to India what Belgium is to France, and if this way through Armenia lies open to the Power that is dominant in Central Asia there is no more security for the millions of India than there would be for France unless the Belgian door is locked and barred against militarist aggression. Whatever the faults of British rule in India may have been, at any rate it has spared her the blight of militarism. Except China, there is no country in the world where the maintenance of peace within and on her borders costs so little in proportion to its size and population as in India. This immunity will go unless not one but all the roads to an aggressor in Egypt are stopped. The best constructive work yet done by England in the war is the project for the establishment of three great buffer states between the Mediterranean and British India, a new Palestine to which Jews wearied of their long exile from nationhood can go, a new Arabia which may revive the glories of her great past, and a new Armenia consoling itself in a new life for the sorrows of her tragic past.

These are not the projects of imperialism, but as pure in their political inspiration as the instinct that led England forth to war for Belgium and France, and it is the keen desire of the vast majority of Englishmen that the United States, whose political impulses are so generous, should feel for the east the same noble sympathies that she has manifested with the sufferings of France and Belgium. This war came out of the east; and it would defeat the great hopes of humanity if it were to end in a settlement of the east that was haphazard and did not provide for the free development of its peoples. Under the rule of the Ottoman Empire, neither moral nor material development is possible in some of the fairest lands of the world, and it would be little short of a calamity if the philo-Turk sentiment which has been purged out of England by bitter experience were to find a new home in the United States. And that the resistance to the establishment of new and free nationalities in the middle east should come from the missionaries is felt in England as the strangest and most perverse of paradoxes. It is as though when a project for clearing out the slums of a great city were being fought through, some churches were to object that if it were to be adopted the beneficent work of doctors and district visitors would have less scope.

H. SIDEBOTHAM.

De Nobis Fabula

THERE was perhaps nothing mysterious about the turn of chance that brought me into renewed relations with Mr. John Auchmuty. Mr. Auchmuty is one of the few remaining staunch Victorian Liberals. For nearly half a century he has fought valiantly for every good cause, domestic or international. Free trade, free competition, free speech, free press are among his dearest gods, and beyond all what used to be known as plain international justice, but is now denominated national self-determination. And so when the Independence Mission of the Aromunes and Kutzo-Vlachs decided to form an American committee in support of their national aspirations, it was entirely natural that Mr. Auchmuty should have been selected as chairman. My own place on the committee was not entirely fortuitous. The range of choice was not wide, since there is as yet no very great number of Americans with an incorrigible passion for small nationalities who are really awakened to the national needs of the Aromunes and Kutzo-Vlachs.

But just the same I had a rather uncanny feeling of the cosmic humor of chance as I waited in Mr. Auchmuty's library, under the cool stare of

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his engraved portraits of Mill and Bentham, John Bright and Gladstone, Goldwin Smith and Grover Cleveland. I had encountered Mr. Auchmuty once before, long before, in circumstances in which his candid good faith had been most shamefully abused by a political group in which I had held membership as a precociously political-minded boy. And while I waited in his frigidly ordered library—as usual, I had come ahead of the appointed hour—I could not help reviewing in my mind the details of that early encounter.

We were a prairie farming community of the middle nineties, obsessed with a feeling of farmers' grievances: low prices, juggled weights and excessive dockage, railway discriminations, usurious interest rates and ruthless foreclosures. And we had made up our minds, universally, to a sovereign remedy: free and unlimited coinage of silver. We had read Coin's Financial School, E. B. Andrews on an Honest Dollar and a pamphlet containing extracts from Chevalier, badly translated and therefore the more authentically authoritative. We had also read a pamphlet by J. Laurence Laughlin, taking the other side, and there was not one of us who could not refute it with a single well chosen imprecation. The bankers, the professors of political economy and other enemies of the people we knew were against us. They commanded a whole arsenal of super-refined sophisms. But our minds were too thoroughly made up to be penetrable by the guile of the paid advocate or the pedantries of the endowed professor. The people were perishing for want of money. The mountains were veined with the good white metal that offered salvation. What more might be said was plainly of the Devil.

The case, then, as we saw it, was one that did not admit of argument. We did not want to hear argument on it. Indeed the attempt to argue so definitely closed a case appeared to us immoral. And so when the Republican state committee offered to send among us the Honorable John Auchmuty to deliver an address on sound money, or, if we preferred, to debate with any free silver speaker we might name, our first impulse was to reject the offer with scorn. Debate the Ten Commandments! That was what the proposal amounted to. But it was October, when the air of the prairies is crisp and the appetite is good and an irrepressible sense of humor permeates the prairieman's blood. Somebody cried out, "Let him debate Clay Robinson." It might have been myself; it might have been anyone else, for it was one of those suggestions that express exactly the sense of each. Clay Robinson was an occasionally lucid lunatic. He labored under the delusion that he was the greatest living orator and usually succeeded in dispersing with his tongue any assemblage he encountered. Always he had been our bane, but now we had good use for his talents. So we wrote the Republican state committee that the Honorable Clay Robinson would be pleased to meet the Honorable John Auchmuty in debate. We guaranteed a large and enthusiastic audience.

No one would have supposed that our sparsely settled district could have produced so huge a crowd as packed into Shreve's Lyceum Hall to hear the debate. In the middle of the stage sat our chairman, tapping his sides to make sure they would hold when the debate got under way. Crouched in a corner was the Honorable Clay Robinson, darting quick, triumphant glances from under his tumbled cataract of red hair. The train from the South was late; but presently a whistle announced its arrival, and in ten minutes the reception committee mounted the stage escorting the Honorable John Auchmuty, spare, erect, with his coat severely buttoned to his throat, his burnsides forming severe angles on his pale cheeks, his prominent blue eyes staring before him with the sad, severe expression immortalized in the portraits of Matthew Arnold. He seemed a bit startled when the Honorable Clay Robinson with knees crouched and arms swinging darted up to him and grasped his hand. A gale of laughter swept the room, but we covered it up with tumultuous applause. Mr. Auchmuty bowed and smiled under his joyless eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in an even, conciliatory voice. We held our breath and fixed our attention on Clay Robinson in his corner, preparing to spring. The speaker was getting under way. What he was saying, of course, nobody knew. We were not there to listen to argument. Mostly he appeared to be quoting authorities. He paused impressively after the name of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin.

"Hold on!" cried Clay Robinson, springing menacingly toward Mr. Auchmuty. "Will you tell this crowd who J. Laurence Laughlin is?"

"I shall reply to this question later," said Mr. Auchmuty with dignity.

"Answer him! Answer him!" roared the audience.

"Very well." Mr. Auchmuty presented an emphatic biography of Professor Laughlin, and proceeded with his argument.

"Hold on!" yelled Clay Robinson, threatening Mr. Auchmuty with his fist. "Will you tell us whether there has been a single movement for the benefit of the common people your Professor Laughlin has not been against?"

"Answer him!" roared the audience again.

Mr. Auchmuty paused to get his indignation

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under control. But soon his voice, measured and conciliatory as ever, ran through the roll of Professor Laughlin's good works and hurried on with the argument.

"You want more money. You think that free silver will give you more money. But would the gold we now have remain in the country? Impossible. Under Gresham's Law the silver would expel the gold."

"Hold on!" cried Clay Robinson. "Who passed that law?"

Mr. Auchmuty drew himself into his extreme of rigidity.

"That, Mr. Robinson, is an economic law. It is one of the eternal laws of nature. Or, if you care to put it in that way"—and his voice trembled with suppressed energy—"it is a law of God!"

"Hey!" shrieked Clay Robinson. "Ladies and gentlemen! This man puts his own fool notions into the mouth of God Almighty! Who does he think he is?"

For a few seconds the audience sat aghast. We were for the most part swearing men, but this was downright blasphemy. Still, the sin rested on Clay Robinson, not responsible even under the mundane law. And the mien of John Auchmuty! To save our souls we could not have refrained longer from laughing. Spasm pursued spasm over our sides until they were so sore that we could hardly gasp. Mr. Auchmuty seized upon the first approach of calm to proceed with his speech. He repeated himself, hesitated, stammered, then drew from his pocket the copy prepared for the press and read it, hastily, meaninglessly, pausing only when a recrudescent wave of laughter broke over the audience.

At last Mr. Auchmuty made his final bow. Clay Robinson leaped to the edge of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen! No living man knows what the speaker said or why he said it. But this is what he ought to have said." Then followed an absolutely incredible farrago of nonsense. Mr. Auchmuty's eyes seemed to be starting from his head as he listened. And when the torrent of disjointed phrases came to an end, he looked about him, bewildered, as if seeking an avenue of flight.

"Answer him! Answer him!" roared the audience. Mr. Auchmuty rose, stammered, hesitated.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in a thin, shaken voice. "I don't think you are treating me quite fairly."

The audience roared. Mr. Auchmuty bowed abruptly to the chairman and fled.

After I came to know what a sincere and manly friend of humanity Mr. Auchmuty really was, I often wanted to meet him and make such amends as I could for my part in the outrage. But no occasion had presented itself until I found myself by chance associated with him on the Committee for the Promotion of the National Rights of the Aromunes and Kutzo-Vlachs. It was therefore with much eagerness that I rose when I heard the library door open and the sound of a footstep on the rug.

Mr. John Auchmuty had remained just as spare, erect, severe and sad of countenance as when he had confronted his prairie audience twenty-three years ago. Only his burnsides had turned white and his eyes had apparently grown dim.

"I think I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said affably.

"No. But I heard you speak, a great many years ago."

"You did?" He smiled benignantly. "May I ask where?"

"It was in a western state, in free silver times. Do you remember debating the money question with Clay Robinson?"

A slight flush passed over the old man's face. "Do you know I never thought that the audience was quite fair to me."

"No," I replied. "We didn't intend to be fair to you. We had already made up our minds."

"Now, that Honorable Clay Robinson," continued Mr. Auchmuty, "I really think you might have found a more logical champion, even if you did have your minds made up. Really, his performance wasn't very creditable to you, you know."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Didn't you realize that he was our pet lunatic? Didn't you see that it was nothing but a put-up job to have some fun at a gold bug's expense?"

Mr. Auchmuty's face turned a deep crimson.

"Oh!" he said bitterly. "Nice business, wasn't it? To permit a gentleman to come in good faith into that detestable district just to humiliate him! And you men considered yourselves entitled to a voice in American government."

I did my best to exculpate myself on the ground that it had not been my personal project and that at the time I had not even attained to my majority. It did no good. I tried to get over on common ground by taking up the business of our committee. We could not agree on a single point. Should we describe the nation we wished to befriend as the Aromunes or as the Kutzo-Vlachs? I voted for Aromunes, whereupon Mr. Auchmuty insisted on Kutzo-Vlachs. I yielded the point, whereupon he went over to Aromunes and charged me with trimming besides. Because I was for autonomy, he would hear of nothing but complete national independence, and when I came over to his side he expressed his scorn of the superficiality of a man

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who would make an independent state out of a people scattered over the flanks of Pindus and the foothills of Olympus, with a long stretch of unfriendly territory between. I cursed myself for permitting the ghost of an ancient prank to rise up to becloud the solution of a live international problem. All I could now do was to get off the committee. I announced my attention of doing so, and rose.

"That is just as well," said Mr. Auchmuty acidly. And then an expression of senile craft took possession of his eyes.

"Please don't go," he said with forced cordiality. "There is something else I want to talk with you about. I am a reader of your paper. That is, at least an occasional reader."

"I am much gratified," I replied, rather puzzled by his veiled manner. "I hope you like it."

"Yes, on the whole I do. But I have observed of late a great many attacks on you in the press. And I really think you ought to answer them."

"Oh, you do?" I had caught his drift. "You really think we ought to answer them?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," he replied fervently. "Everybody says you ought to answer them."

"Everybody," I repeated reflectively. And then simulating as nearly as I could a sound from distant memory, I murmured:

"Answer him! Answer him!"

Mr. Auchmuty looked at me balefully. "Thank you for bringing that incident so vividly to my mind! You said you had to go?"

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Training of the A.E.F.

AS the A. E. F. becomes more and more a vast homogeneous and independent army all Americans feel a growing stake in the system of military training through which our soldiers are passed on their arrival in France. Is this foreign "finishing school" equal to the strain that is being put upon it today by such a mighty and such a ceaseless tide of new arrivals? How is it organized and where is it carried on?

When General Pershing and his staff arrived here in June 1917, one of the first preoccupations was to make an exhaustive study of the system of training troops and officers by the French and British in France. This system had necessarily grown up piecemeal under the spur of necessity; its schools and centres of instruction were widely scattered. It was greatly to the advantage of the A. E. F. that General Pershing could organize a scheme of training for our units whose point of departure would be firmly fixed in the sum of our Allies' experience of three hard years; and that he could deliberately concentrate the major part of our training activities in a single zone of his own choosing. It is interesting to find that the recommendation made at the end of August 1917 by the then Chief of the Training Section and a Committee of the General Staff on the two points of organization and location has been substantially followed. This system is now in active operation. The essential factors to grasp in regard to it are:

1. That it is a unified system capable of expansion from 50,000 men to several millions.

2. That like the French and British systems it trains both troops and instructors for troops.

3. That by a constant infiltration of new knowledge from the specialized few to the mass, it is kept strictly up to date.

The doctrine which controls it and actuates our methods of combat, emanates from the General Staff—that is from the specialists who are in most vital touch with combat at the front and its constantly changing methods. From them it is transmitted directly to a group of higher schools, known as the Army Schools. These schools have two broad functions: to train instructors for the secondary, or Corps Schools, and to train smaller groups of specialists—as Staff Officers, Line Officers, Tank Officers, Camoufleurs, etc. The Corps Schools in turn—in principle there is one to each Army Corps; in practice, a considerably smaller number have been found sufficient—give practical training to the commanders of all units—except artillery and aviation which are taught in separate instruction centres—who are sent through in rotation to learn the newest tricks and pass them on to the divisions. In the Army Schools, besides a large body of officers under instruction, a large number of non-commissioned officers are always qualifying for commissions in certain branches. In both types of schools the American instructors are assisted by French and British specialists who give both advice and actual instruction.

The training of our troops themselves is, however, carried on by their own officers, but according to a programme dictated from Headquarters, on the rustic drill grounds of the divisional areas which, like the schools, are collected within a convenient radius of G. H. Q. in the so-called zone of the advance, which lies far enough back from the front to be relatively safe from hostile aircraft.

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The C. in C. is thus able to have all our training under his direct supervision; and the officers in the schools, a large number of them unfamiliar with actual operations, are placed within easy contact and observation of large bodies of troops. The only instruction centres placed farther back in the base areas, or along the line of communication, are, first, the artillery and aviation centres, and second, the Base Training Schools, which prepare non-military specialists like cooks, waggoners, chauffeurs, etc. The latter are situated at the headquarters of the depot divisions, where casual troops are directed on arrival to be trained according to their civilian qualifications, or as replacements for the sick and wounded.

Before our schools in France could come into operation, their instructors had to be trained. Moreover, the training of the Regular Army Divisions—it will be remembered that they were split into three parts and recruited to strength with raw volunteers—and of the National Guard Divisions that were the first to reach France, was naturally a longer and somewhat different process from the training of the National Army Divisions which are now landing in such numbers. The division which took part in the Cantigny battle was the first to arrive in France. The division which helped stop the German advance at Château-Thierry had been here just two months. The divisions arriving today, organized since October, have had approximately ten months' training in the home camps; though in some cases from twenty to thirty per cent of their men, drafted since December or January, have had only four months. These divisions are in theory supposed to need only one month of training in a divisional area and one in a quiet sector of the front before going into real action. Actually the time schedule must vary a little as the quality of the troops, conditions at the front, and other military questions dictate.

Perhaps the easiest way to understand the training system of the A. E. F. is to follow such a division from its debarkation at a base port. On landing its artillery is detached to proceed as a body to an artillery camp in the base area. I have seen one of these camps—a former French camp which our ally greatly enlarged for our benefit and handed on to us—a city of well-built barracks, some two and one-quarter miles in circumference, situated in a stretch of wild country admirably adapted for its big artillery ranges. It had its own particularly good hospital, its own bakery, and its officers' mess, in which the cooks had luckily held over from the French regime; its German prisoners who supplemented the service troops in the care of the camp; it had also outside the gates a captive balloon centre and a small aviation centre for training artillery observers. Here, just before I came, eleven thousand men had been in training; this was in February. The camp, its commander said, could take care of fourteen thousand and no doubt it is now called on to do so. This is one of many large, light artillery training centres; we have besides centres for heavy artillery, and an artillery Candidates School.

Let us now catch up with our division, whose main body of infantry, signal corps and engineers —shorn, however, of some of its best officers and non-commissioned officers, who are being directly detached to the Corps Schools—is making a slow progress in heavily laden freight cars towards the zone of the advance. There is not a railway line of France now where one does not see these trains overflowing with American boys, unshaven and weary, dangling their legs in the dust and brushwood, but eagerly scanning the unfamiliar face of the land, on the way to what they naively call "the front." Some of them are considerably disappointed when they find themselves detraining and scattering into billets in country hamlets whose calm is immemorial and whose unpronounceable names are unfamiliar even in France, yet will one day be known in Oklahoma, Texas or New Mexico as the first French home of some famous division.

If I name our Southwest it is because the last division I have visited in this big zone, which now bristles with American tents, troops and material —how different from its poverty-stricken aspect in December—hailed from this region. It had the most stirring salute I have seen in our army, and I believe the highest record for shooting. In one small village, the headquarters of a regiment, the adjutant conducted us up a very steep hillside to see bayonet drill and we were not surprised to note a good many Indian types in the ranks. Rough stuff, these Southwesterners seemed at first, he said, but they soon needed no guardhouse; and he launched into the praise in which all Regular Army officers now indulge of the wonderful quality of the drafted army.

On the very white roads we met strings of machine-gunners; trenches were being outlined in the stubble fields by the pioneer engineers; and from one golden, rolling wheatfield to another flashed the flags of the signal corps. The Colonel, who confided his hopes that in another fortnight his men would be smelling real powder, told us that all communication between villages and units was carried on by military liaison methods as strictly as if this were the front.

When a division goes forward from the training area to a quiet sector of the front it is rejoined by its own artillery from the artillery training centre, and by its group of officers from the corps school

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who come back bursting with enthusiasm and eager to impart their practical knowledge of the latest methods of defense and attack. Other officers who have not yet had this advantage are simultaneously detached for another four weeks in the same schools, and when the troops emerge from the trenches, rather weary, with discipline slightly relaxed, it is the latter officers who will be the vitalizing element. Meanwhile, in the trenches, to supplement the newly-primed but often inexperienced American officers, there are plenty of seasoned French, of British officers and soldiers. Our troops have up to now been "amalgamated," as the French put it, for the trench training, first by companies, then as they grow in experience by battalions and regiments, with the troops of our Allies. When we have a large number of seasoned troops of our own the system will no doubt change, but at present it is very satisfactory. By the end of the month our men are familiar with the principles of trench warfare.

It must not be supposed that the training of a division ever ends. Even after such an action as the Americans have now seen on the Marne, especially after such an action, it is in need of fresh schooling, fresh discipline and fresh impetus. This will be obtained constantly and unremittingly in our army as it is in all the great armies, preeminently that of the Germans, by the steady passing on of new ideas from the specialized few to the troops. How these ideas are taught in the higher schools will be more fully outlined in a second article. Our General Staff is keenly alive to the necessity of constantly improving our methods of instruction; and if our system works, even approximately, no Regular Army officer who has gone to seed, no Reserve officer unfamiliar with basic military principles, will be able to imperil the lives of his men for long, and no soldier in the ranks will remain ignorant of the practical necessities of his daily job of fighting.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

VERSE

London, Midnight

Midnight and silence;
Through the dark curving streets
Where, heavily shaded,
The houses frown over the pavement;
Through the black empty squares
That seem as if life never passed there,
Washing with gray waves the stone;
From the velvet-black sky
Over the street lamps,
Burn out, green and blue,
Green-white and blue-white,
Sparkling and fulminant,
Far off, scattered like grain in the sky,
Unclouded and brilliant, the stars.

Faces in shadow
Under the glimmer of street lamps;
Faces in darkness
Of gold-walled theatres cut with broad shafts of the limelight;
Faces dim seen
In shadowy doorways;
Faces about whose lips rise a murmur of toneless voices,
Faces whose eyes are hollow pools of darkness,
Emerge here and there, through the city,
In the midst of the cavern of stone they have builded.
And over those faces,
Now, as in thousands of years long forgotten,
As in the future,
Dim and far-distant,
Forever and ever,
Blaze out the lofty indifferent stars.

When the first ship
Was launched on the waters:
The crude hollow dugout,
Chiselled with axes and calcined with fire,
Put forth to the open sea
Beyond the fire of the braziers;
The old steersman,
The first navigator,
Who already had studied
Year after year the constellations,
Felt fear in his heart for he knew not
Whither the will of the sea might bear him,
Whether in truth beyond, one star might yet point to the pole.

Millions have passed;
Millions are passing
Outward beyond our ken to a sea untravelled.
They have become a part of that dark sea
Which laps round our world, forever muttering and whispering
Troubling our souls with a language we cannot understand.
I too must put out
In the darkness, the silence,
Into a world I know not, of storm and vigil and terror,
And strange deadly calm;
Perhaps to find there
Only some craggy island rock rising grim from the fume of the breakers
To wreck my desire;
Perhaps some safe roadstead;
Perhaps, after all, only the empty ocean;
But at least, and at last,
Whether willing, unwilling,
Fearing or doubting or hoping, it matters not at all,
I set forth for the open horizon:
Out of the ring of light that glimmers on human faces
Anxiously watching, and praying for me;
I set forth free from them
To the infinite stir and the murmur of night on the waters.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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The Education of Joan and Peter

XIII—The Valediction

1

OSWALD set himself to deliver this Valediction of his after dinner on the following evening. . .

Joan was hesitating between a game of Demon Patience with Peter—in which she always played thirteen to his eleven and usually won in spite of the handicap—and an inclination for Bach's Passacaglia upon the pianola in the study. Peter expressed himself ready for whatever she chose; he would play D.P. or read Moll Flanders—he had just discovered the delight of that greatest of all eighteenth century novels. He was sitting on the couch in the library and Joan was standing upon the hearthrug, regarding him thoughtfully, when Oswald came in. He stopped to hear what Peter was saying, with his one eye intent on Joan's pretty gravity.

"No," he interrupted. "This is my evening."

"You see," he said, coming up to the fire, "I want to talk to you young people. I want to know some things. I want to know what you make of life. . . I want . . . an exchange of views."

He stood with his back to the fire and smiled at Joan's face close to his own. "I've got to talk to you," he said, "very seriously. It's necessary."

Having paralyzed them by this preface he sat down in his deep armchair, pulled it an inch or so towards the fire, and leaning forward, with his eye on the spitting coals, began.

"I wish I could talk better, Joan and Peter. . . I know I've never been a good talker—it's been rather a loss between us all. And now particularly. . . I want to talk. . . You must let me get it out in my own way. . .

"You see," he went on after a moment or so to rally his forces, "I've been your guardian, I've had your education and your affairs in my hands, for fifteen years. So far as the affairs go, it's all plain sailing. But it's the education I want to talk about—and your future. You are now both of age. Well past. You're on the verge of twenty-five, Peter, in a month or so. You're both off now—housekeeping. You're dropping the pilot. It's high time, I suppose. . ."

Joan glanced at Peter, and then sank noiselessly into a crouching attitude close to Oswald's knee. He paused to stroke her hair.

"I've been trying to get you all that I could get you. . . Education. . . I've had to blunder and experiment. I ought to tell you what I've aimed at and what I've done, take stock with you of the world I've educated you for and the part you're going to play in it. Take stock. . . It's been a badly planned undertaking, I know. But then it's such a surprising and unexpected world. All the time I've been learning, and most things I've learned more or less too late to use the knowledge properly. . ."

He paused.

Peter looked at his guardian and said nothing. Oswald patted the head at his knee in return for a caress. It was an evasive, even apologetic pat, for he did not want to be distracted by affection just then.

"This war has altered the whole world," he went on. "Life has become stark and intense, and when I took this on—when I took up the task of educating you—our world here seemed the most wrapped up and comfortable and secure world you can possibly imagine. Comfortable to the pitch of stuffiness. Most English people didn't trouble a bit about the shape of human life; they thought it was—well, rather like a heap of down cushions. For them it was. For most of Europe and America. . . They thought it was all right and perfectly safe—if only you didn't bother. And education had lost its way. Yes. That puts the case. *Education had lost its way.*"

Oswald paused again. He fixed his one eye very firmly on a glowing cavity in the fire, as though that contained the very gist of his thoughts.

"What is education up to?" he asked. "What *is* education?" . . .

Thereupon of course he ought to have gone on to the passage beginning, "Consider this beast we are, this thing man!" as he had already rehearsed it overnight. But Peter had not learned his part properly.

"I suppose it's fitting the square natural man into the round hole of civilized life," Peter threw out.

This reply greatly disconcerted Oswald. "Exactly," he said, and was for some moments at a loss.

"Yes," he said, rallying. "But what is civilized life?"

"Creative activities in an atmosphere of helpful goodwill," Peter tried in the brief pause that followed.

Oswald had a disagreeable feeling that he was getting to the end of his discourse before he delivered its beginning. "Yes," he said again. "Yes. But for that you must have a political form."

"The World State," said Peter.

"The League of Free Nations," said Oswald, "to enforce Peace throughout the earth."

The next line that came from Peter was still more unexpected and embarrassing.

"Peace is nothing," said Peter.

2

Oswald turned his red eye upon his ward, in profound amazement.

Did they differ fundamentally in their idea of the human future?

"Peace, my dear Peter, is everything," he protested.

"But, sir, it's nothing more than the absence of war. It's a negative term. In itself it's a vacuum. You can't live in a vacuum."

"But I mean an active peace."

"That would be something more than peace. War is an activity. Peace is not. If you take war out of the world you must have some other activity."

"But doesn't the organization of the World Peace in itself constitute an activity?"

"That would be a diminishing activity, sir. Like a man getting himself morphia and taking it and going to sleep. A World Peace would release energy, and as the energy was released, if the end was merely peace, there would be less need for it. Until things exploded."

Great portions of Oswald's valediction broke away and vanished for ever into the limbo of unspoken discourses.

"But would you have war go on, Peter?"

"Not in its present form. But struggle and unification, which is the end sought in all struggles, must go on in some form, Sir," said Peter, "while life goes on. We have to

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get the World State and put an end to war, I agree. But the real question is what are we going to do with our Peace? What struggle is to take the place of war? What is mankind going to *do?* Most wars have come about hitherto because somebody was bored. Do you remember how bored we all were in 1914? And the rotten way we were all going on then? A World State or a League of Nations with nothing to do but to keep the Peace will bore men intolerably. . . . That's what I like about the Germans."

"What you *like* about the Germans!" Oswald cried in horror.

"They *did* get a move on, sir," said Peter.

"We don't want a preventive League of Nations," Peter expanded. "It's got to be creative or nothing. Or else we shall be in a sort of perpetual Coronation year—with nothing doing on account of the processions. Horrible!"

For a little while Oswald made no reply. He could not recall a single sentence of the lost Valediction that was at all appropriate here, and he was put out and distressed beyond measure that Peter could find anything to "like" about the Germans.

"I'm sure a World Peace for its own sake is impossible," Peter expanded. "The Old Experimenter would certainly put a spoke into that wheel."

"Who is the Old Experimenter?" asked Oswald.

"He's a sort of God I have," said Peter. "Something between theology and a fairy tale. I dreamt about him. When I was delirious. He doesn't rule the world or anything of that sort, but he keeps on dropping new things into it. To see what happens. He lives in a little out-of-the-way office. That's the idea."

"You haven't told me about him," said Joan.

"I shall some day," said Peter. "When I feel so disposed. . ."

"This is very disconcerting," said Oswald, much perplexed. He scowled at the fire before him. "But you do realize the need there is for some form of world state and some ending of war? Unless mankind is to destroy itself altogether."

"Certainly, sir," said Peter. "But we aren't going to do that on a peace proposition simply. It's got to be a positive proposal. You know, sir—"

"I wish you'd call me Nobby," said Oswald.

"It's a vice contracted in the army, this Sir-ing," said Peter. "It's Nobby in my mind anyhow. But you see I've got a kind of habit, at night and odd times, of thinking over my little misadventure with that balloon and my scrap with von Papen. The former I think over more than the latter, because it lasted longer and I wasn't so active. I felt it more. And the thing that impresses me most in reflecting on those little experiences is the limitless amount of intelligence that expended itself on such jobs as breaking my wrist, splintering my shoulder-blade and smashing up my leg. The amount of ingenuity and good workmanship in my instruments and the fittings of my basket were extraordinary, having regard to the fact that it was just one small item in an artillery system for blowing Germans to red rags. And the stuff and intelligence they were putting up against me, that too was wonderful; the way the whole problem had been thought out, the special clock fuse, and so on. Well, my point is that the chap who made that equipment wasn't particularly interested in killing me, and that the chaps who made my outfit weren't particularly keen on the slaughter of Germans. But they had nothing else to do. They were brought up in a vulgar world. They were caught up on a vulgar quarrel. What did they care for the Kaiser? What they were interested in was making the things. And no peace, as we have known peace hitherto, offers such opportunities for good inventive work as war does. That's getting to my point, Nobby. There's no comparison between the excitement and the endless problems of making a real live efficient submarine, for example, that has to meet and escape the intensest risks, and the occupation of designing a great big safe upholstered liner in which fat swindlers can cross the Atlantic without being seasick. War tempts imaginative, restless people, and a stagnant peace bores them. And you've got to reckon with intelligence and imagination in this world, Nobby, more than anything. They aren't strong enough to control perhaps, but they will certainly upset. Inventive, restless men are the particular instruments of my Old Experimenter. He prefers them now to plague, pestilence, famine, flood and earthquake. They are more delicate instruments. And more efficient. And they won't *stand* a passive peace. Under no circumstances can you hope to induce the chap who contrived the clock fuse and the chap who worked out my gas bag or the chap with a new aeroplane gadget, and me—me too—to stop cerebrating and making our damndest just in order to sit about safely in meadows joining up daisy chains like a beastly lot of figures by Walter Crane. The Old Experimenter finds some mischief still for idle brains to do. He insists on it. That's fundamental to the scheme of things."

"But that's no reason," interrupted Oswald, "why you and the inventors who were behind you, and the Germans who made and loaded and fired that shell, shouldn't all get together to do something that will grow and endure, instead of killing one another."

"Ah, that's it!" said Peter. "But the word for that isn't Peace."

"Then what is the word for it?"

"I don't know," said Peter. "The Great Game, perhaps."

"And where does it take you?"

Peter threw out his hands. "It's an exploration," he said. "It will take man to the centre of the earth; it will take him to the ends of space, between the atoms and among the stars. How can we tell beforehand? You must have faith. But of one thing I am sure, that man cannot stagnate. It is forbidden. It is the uttermost sin. Why, the Old Man will come out of his office himself to prevent it! This war and all the blood and loss of it is because the new things are entangled among the old and dead things, worn-out and silly things, and we've not had the vigor to get them free. Old idiot nationality, national conceit—expanding to imperialism, nationality in a state of megalomania, has been allowed to get hold of the knife that was meant for a sane generation to carve out a new world with. Heaven send he cuts his own throat this time! Or else there may be a next time. . . . I'm all for the one world state, and the end of flags and kings and custom houses. But I have my doubts of all this talk of making the world safe—safe for democracy. I want the world made one for the adventure of mankind, which is quite another story. I have been in the world now, Nobby, for five and twenty years, and I am only beginning to suspect the wonder and beauty of the things we men might know and do. If only we could get our eyes and hands free of the old inheritance. What has mankind done yet to boast about? I despise human history—because I believe in God. Not the God you don't approve of, Nobby, but in my Old Experimenter, whom I confess I don't begin to understand, and in the

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far-off, eternal schemes he hides from us and which he means us to develop age by age. Oh! I don't understand him, I don't begin to explain him; he's just a figure for what I feel is the reality. But he is right, he is wonderful. And, instead of just muddling about over the surface of his universe, we have to get into the understanding of it to the very limits of our ability to live our utmost and do the intensest best we can."

"Yes," said Oswald; "yes." This was after his own heart and yet it did not run along the lines of the Valedictory that had flowered with such Corinthian richness overnight. He had been thinking then of a world peace; what Peter was driving at now was a world purpose; but weren't the two after all the same thing? He sat with his one eye reflecting the red light of the fire, and the phrases that had come in such generous abundance overnight now refused to come at all.

Peter, on the couch, continued to think aloud.

"Making the world safe for democracy," said Peter. "That isn't quite it. If democracy means that any man may help who can, that school and university will give every man and woman the fairest chance, the most generous inducement to help, to do the thing he can best do under the best conditions, then, *Yes;* but if democracy means getting up a riot and boycott among the stupid and lazy and illiterate whenever anything is doing, then I say *No!* Every human being has got to work, has got to take part. If our laws and organization don't insist upon that, the Old Experimenter will. So long as the world is ruled by stale ideas and lazy ideas, he is determined that it shall flounder from war to war. Now what does this democracy mean? Does it mean a crowd of primitive brutes howling down progress and organization? because if it does I want to be in the machine-gun section. When you talk of education, Nobby, you think of highly educated people, of a nation instructed through and through. But what of democracy in Russia, where you have a naturally clever people in a state of peasant ignorance—who can't even read? Until the schoolmaster has talked to everyone for ten or twelve years, can you have what President Wilson thinks of as democracy at all?"

"Now there you meet me," said Oswald. "That is the idea I have been trying to get at with you." And for some minutes the palatial dimensions of the lost Valedictory loomed out.

But the young man on the couch was much too keenly interested to make a good audience. When presently Oswald propounded his theory that all the great world religions were on the side of this World Republic that he and Peter desired, Peter demurred.

"But is that true of Catholicism?" said Peter.

Oswald quoted, "I am the Vine and ye are the Branches."

"Yes," said Peter. "But look at the Church itself. Don't look at the formula, but at the practice and the daily teaching. Is it truly a growing Vine?" The reality of Catholicism, Peter argued, was a traditional, sacramental religion, a narrow, fetish religion with a specialized priest; it was concerned primarily with another world; it set its face against any conception of a scheme of progress in this world apart from its legend of the sacrifice of the Mass.

"All good Catholics sneer at progress," said Peter. "Take Belloc and Chesterton, for example; they *hate* the idea of men working steadily for any great scheme of effort here. They hold by stagnant standards, planted deep in the rich mud of life. What's the Catholic conception of human life?—guzzle, booze, call the passion of the sexes unclean and behave accordingly, confess, get absolution, and at it again. Is there any recognition in Catholicism of the duty of keeping your body fit or your brain active? They're worse than the man who buried his talent in a clean napkin; they bury it in wheezy fat. It's a sloven's life. What have we in common with that? Always they are harking back, to the thirteenth century, to the peasant life amidst dung and chickens. It's a different species of mind from ours, with the head and feet turned backward. What is the good of expecting the Pope, for instance, and his Church to help us in creating a League of Nations? His aim would be a world agreement to stop progress, and we want to release it. He wants peace in order to achieve nothing, and we want peace in order to do everything. What is the good of pretending that it is the same peace? A Catholic League of Nations would be a conspiracy of stagnation, another Holy Alliance. What real world unity can come through them? Every step on the way to the world state and the real unification of men will be fought by the stagnant men and the priests. Why blind ourselves to that? Progress is a religion in itself. Work and learning are our creed. We cannot make terms with any other creed. The priest has got his God and we seek our God forever. The priest is finished and completed and self-satisfied, and we—we are beginning. . . ."

3

The only part of the great Valedictory that was ever delivered as it had been designed was the part about England and the English. That was quite at the end of this conference, and when they were already standing up to go to bed.

"Well," said Oswald, "I haven't lectured you nearly as much as I meant to do. Mostly because you both seem to think very much as I do. And Peter says it. And so—enter into your inheritance and bless you, my children!". . .

"*Dear* Nobby," said Joan, standing close to him and looking down into the fire, thinking of those sons who had just flickered into her thoughts.

"Yours is a great inheritance, Joan and Peter," said Oswald. "You are young; that is a great thing in itself. The world cries out now for the young to enter into possession. But also—do you ever think of it?—you are English. . . .

"Let me say something to you, Joan and Peter, before we have done, something out of my heart. Have I ever canted patriotism to you? No! Am I an aggressive Imperialist? Am I not a Home Ruler? For Ireland. For India. The best years of my life have been spent in saving black men from white—and mostly those white men were of our persuasion, men of the buccaneer strain, on the loot. But now that we three are here together with no one else to hear us, I will confess. I tell you there is no race and no tradition in the whole world that I would change for my English race and tradition. I do not mean this little Buckingham Palace and Westminster system here that began yesterday and will end tomorrow, I mean the great race and tradition of the English that is spread all over the earth, the tradition of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton and Bacon, of Runnymede and Agincourt; it is in Washington and New York and Christchurch and Sydney, just as much as it is in Pelham Ford. . . . Upon us more than any other single people rests for a time the burthen of human destiny. France is the spear head, but we are the shaft. If we fail, mankind may fail. We English have made the greatest empire that the world has ever seen;

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across the Atlantic we have also made the greatest republic. And these are but phases in our task. The better part of our work still lies before us. It was Milton who wrote long ago that when God wanted some task of peculiar difficulty to be done he turned to his Englishmen. And he turns today. Old Milton saw England shine clear and great for a time and then pass into the darkness. . . . He didn't lose his faith. . . . Church and crown are no part of the real England which we inherit. . . .

"We have no reason to be ashamed of our race and country, Joan and Peter, for all the confusion and blundering of these last years. Our generals and politicians have missed opportunity after opportunity. I cannot talk yet of such things. . . . The blunderings. . . . The slackness. . . . Hanoverian England with its indolence, its dullness, its economic uncleanness, its canting individualism, its contempt for science and system, has been an England darkened, an England astray. Young England has had to pay at last for all those wasted years—and has paid. . . . My God! the men we have expended already in fighting these Germans, the brave, beautiful men, the jesting common men, the fresh boys, all so cheerful and kind and gallant! . . . And the happiness that has died! And the shame of following after clumsy, mean leadership in the sight of all the world! . . . But there rests no stain on our blood. We did not come into this war for sordid or narrow ends. Our politicians when they made base treaties had to hide them from our people. . . . Even in the face of the vilest outrages, even now the English keep a balanced justice and will not hate the German common men for things they have been forced to do. Yesterday I saw the German prisoners who work at Standon getting into the train and joking with their guard. They looked well fed and healthy and uncowed. One carried a bunch of primroses. No one has an ill word for these men on all the countryside. . . . Does any other people in the world treat prisoners as we treat them? . . .

"Well, the time has come for our people now to go on from Empire and from Monroe doctrine, great as these ideas have been, to something still greater, the time has come for us to hold out our hands to every man in the world who is ready for a disciplined freedom. The German has dreamt of setting up a Caesar over the whole world. Against that we have to set up a disciplined world freedom. . . .

"Joan and Peter, that is what I have been coming to in all this wandering discourse. Yours is a great inheritance. You and your generation have to renew and justify England in a new world. You have to link us again in a common purpose with our kind everywhere. You have to rescue our destinies, the destinies of the world, out of the hands of these weary and worn men, these old and oldish men, these men who can learn no more. You have to reach back and touch the England of Shakespeare, Milton, Raleigh and Blake—and that means you have to go forward. You have to take up the English tradition as it was before church and court perverted it. You have to become political. Now. You have to become responsible. Now. You have to create. Now. You, with your fresh vision, with the lessons you have learnt still burning bright in your minds, you have to remake the world. Listen when the old men tell you facts, for very often they know. Listen when they reason, they will teach you many twists and turns. But when they dogmatize, when they still want to rule unquestioned, and, above all, when they say '*impossible,*' even when they say '*wait—go steadily,*' push them aside. Their minds squat crippled beside dead traditions. . . . That world of the Victorian old men, and its honors and its court and precedences, it is all a dead body now, and it has to be buried out of our way lest it corrupt you and all the world again. . . ."

H. G. WELLS.

(*The End*)

A COMMUNICATION

Is a "Peace of Conciliation" Possible?

MR. BRAILSFORD'S communication in the New Republic of August 31st gives occasion for the raising of a more general question than that with which the editorial discussion of his article deals. His opposition to the dismemberment of Austria rests ultimately upon the assumption that a "peace of conciliation" is not only desirable but also possible. In common with a considerable group of publicists in England and America, he holds that the all-important consideration with respect to the peace settlement is that it shall be such as to leave Germany in a tolerably good humor. It must be a peace which the "enemy can [*i. e.,* will] regard on the whole as equitable," one which will leave no rankling resentments, no sense of humiliation, no grievances or even imagined grievances, in the minds of any of the belligerent peoples. As Mr. Brailsford has elsewhere put it: "The best hope of lasting peace lies in a general content."

The reasoning by which this view is supported appears to me to be open to criticism at many points; but I wish here to examine only one of its tacit premises—the supposition, namely, that any body of Germans capable of determining the policy of the country *can* be "conciliated," or induced to stop fighting before Germany's power of resistance is exhausted, by peace terms which it is possible for the Allies to offer. The conditions upon which even exceedingly moderate Allied opinion would insist are, I would point out, conditions which "the main body of the enemy would regard as an intolerable injury and an insufferable humiliation." In particular, I shall show that the peace programme favored by Mr. Brailsford himself corresponds to his own definition of a "dictated" peace; it would be a settlement which the enemy assuredly "would never of his own free will accept."

(1) Consider first the question of Alsace-Lorraine. It is perhaps indicative of the embarrassment which this question causes the believers in a "peace of conciliation," that one of their number, Mr. Walter Weyl, has written an entire book on "The End of the War" without discussing the problem at all. Yet, obviously, some settlement of it is necessary. Three solutions are conceivable: France's lost provinces may be wholly restored to her; or they may be left wholly under German sovereignty; or they may be divided. (Their erection into an independent state—an-

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other Luxemburg—does not deserve serious consideration.) None of the three solutions offers any prospect of a reconciling peace.

(a) "Except under force," writes so competent a student of German opinion as Mr. W. H. Dawson, "the German nation would no more agree to acknowledge as binding the cession of the whole Imperial Province than did the protesting deputies of the French National Assembly in 1871. Upon no question raised by the war is German national sentiment so unanimous as upon this." It was Herr Scheidemann, as Mr. Dawson reminds us, who declared: "If on the 1st of February we signed a treaty giving up those provinces, then on February 2nd we should begin our preparation for another war in order to reconquer them."

(b) On the other hand, it is certain that France will be satisfied with nothing less than the unconditional return of the entire territory lost by her in 1871. Let it be assumed, though the assumption would be profoundly false, that this is a mere prejudice. Nevertheless, it stands as a fixed quantity in the equation. Mr. Brailsford points out that practical wisdom requires us to take account even of the invincible prejudices of our enemies; surely, then, it does not forbid us to show some tenderness to the equally unalterable sentiments of our Allies. If the French claim were intrinsically unjust and imperialistic, the United States should, indeed, refuse it support. But the worst that any reasonable man can say against it is that it is a just demand which, in the interest of an earlier peace, France might conceivably waive. In point of fact, France does *not* waive it; and after all that she has done and suffered in the war, her allies have no right to ask her to do so. On the contrary, both the United States and Great Britain are in honor bound to support her claim. The speeches of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George last January unequivocally committed the two governments to this position. It is true that a presidential or ministerial discourse is not a legally binding utterance. But, as things actually are, the repudiation of such a pledge, publicly and officially given by the responsible head of a government, could only be regarded as an act of perfidy. It would certainly be so regarded by the French people.

The view of Mr. Brailsford and several other writers appears to be that it is better to leave France resentful (and with abundant reason) than to leave Germany so (even without reason), since France is less likely to be dangerous to the future peace of Europe. It is like the policy, sometimes exemplified in the nursery, of giving greater privileges to the unreasonable and unruly child, in the hope of keeping him quiet. Pedagogical experience hardly indicates that this is an effective device for saving trouble in the long run.

(c) Suppose, however, that the considerations just mentioned were disregarded, and that some compromise were to be sought which would divide the bone of contention, giving a part to each claimant. Such an arrangement would not only fail to satisfy France; it would also be intolerable to Germany. For no writer who has favored such a compromise—not even Mr. Brailsford—has proposed that the western districts of German Lorraine, where from 70 to 90 per cent of the population is French-speaking, should be included in Germany's share. To this territory Germany has not, and never had, even the shadowy claims, upon ethnic and linguistic grounds, which she is able to put forward in the case of Alsace. But by the standards of Realpolitik—which are the standards that weigh most in Germany—these districts are of greater value than all the rest of the Imperial Province. "It is not too much to say," observes Mr. Dawson, "that the future of the German iron and steel industries, upon which the industrial prosperity of the country so largely depends, is bound up with the iron-ore fields of Lorraine," together with the coal measures of the Ruhr, Saar and Upper Silesian basins. And the military security of the country, not less than its prosperity, is dependent upon control of these mineral deposits. "Without the minette ore of Lorraine," writes Professor Schumacher, "we cannot maintain our iron and steel production on a scale sufficiently large for the prosecution of the war." In order to be assured of continued access to these mines, Germany would, Mr. Dawson believes, "be willing to fight as for the very life."

This awkward fact is certainly not to be circumvented by the rather comic compromise which Mr. Dawson proposes: that of transferring the territory to France but leaving the private ownership of the mines in German hands "during a given period." No such terminable tenure would satisfy Germany, even if France would grant it; it would, at best, mean that Germany would lose 70 per cent of her steel supply in time of war. And we may be sure that German ownership and operation of French industries will not be permitted after the war. Both France and Italy have had too bitter experience of German "peaceful penetration." Lorraine, *including* the effectual control and exploitation of its mineral deposits, will be either French or German; there is no middle course.

Thus one of the peace conditions of the Allies which Mr. Brailsford himself acknowledges to be inevitable, constitutes, as he incomprehensibly fails to see, a "condition to which the enemy will submit only if the course of the war has left him without the means of resistance or of bargaining." Mr. Brailsford actually seems to imagine that the return to France of "the Metz and Thionville districts" would be a way of "ending the historic feud." Yet of course he knows as well as anyone that precisely these districts are the foundation of the industrial prosperity and the military security of Germany.

The pride and patriotic sentiment of the Germans, no less than their material interests, are deeply engaged in the question of Lorraine. One of the grounds of Mr. Brailsford's argument against the dismemberment of Austria is that such a wound to Germany's amour propre would leave her lastingly embittered. Does he suppose that she would not be still more profoundly humiliated by the partition of the Reichsland, and the enforced surrender of territory which has been hers for nearly half a century? Yet this greater humiliation Mr. Brailsford proposes to include in the peace terms.

2. Nor does he stop with this. His complete programme for "the war settlement" ("A League of Nations," p. 321) provides for *some* dismemberment even of Austria; for it would transfer the Trentino to Italy, "the Ruthenian districts of Galicia and Bukovina to Russia,

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and the Rumanian district of Bukovina to Rumania, if the inhabitants so determine by plébiscite." It would, furthermore, deprive Turkey of Armenia and Palestine and presumably make definitive her loss of Egypt, and would place the Straits under the control of an international commission. Yet Mr. Brailsford declares that to consent to the dismemberment of Austria "would mean a surrender of honor as gross and painful, from the German standpoint, as the abandonment of Belgium or France would be to us." Is it more dishonorable to desert one ally than to desert another? Since 1898 Germany has posed as the mighty friend and protector of Turkey and (in the Kaiser's grandiloquent phrase) "of the three hundred millions of Musulmans who venerate the Sultan as their Khalifa." The final result of these twenty years of German "protection," according to Mr. Brailsford's peace programme, will be the degradation of Turkey in the eyes of the entire Moslem world, the failure of her hopes of hegemony in pan-Islam, and the loss of three of her greatest provinces. Such a grotesque fiasco will mean for Germany an unspeakably humiliating abdication of "all pretensions to be a great power or a factor to be reckoned with." Yet to most of us in the Allied countries Mr. Brailsford's plan will seem to leave too much territory still subject to the Turkish system of government by massacre mitigated by corruption.

I have quoted Mr. Brailsford so freely, not for the sake of an argument *ad hominem,* but because his position seems to me typical. Any serious and well informed writer on the peace settlement, however eager for a peace of conciliation, will, when concrete issues are raised, himself be found insisting upon terms that will not, in fact, conciliate. If we should examine in the same way, not the programme of such a believer in "peace by negotiation" as Mr. Brailsford, but that laid down by President Wilson on January 8, 1918—which constitutes in substance a binding commitment of the government of the United States—we should find that to the German government and the great mass of the German people, the terms proposed probably still appear so ruinous that acceptance of them in their entirety is conceivable only as a consequence of the complete exhaustion of Germany's capacity of resistance.

The beginning of wisdom, then, in any discussion of the peace problem, is an open-eyed facing of the fact that there is no possibility of ending the war in a way which will hurt nobody's feelings and nobody's interests. Whether we would have it so or not, the war can now end only in grave political and economic injury and in deep humiliation for one or the other group of belligerents, and in a fatal loss of prestige and of influence in the world for one or another of two opposed political and moral ideals and cultural types. Since, then, we cannot ourselves submit to a defeat having such consequences, we must impose it upon Germany. And it would be folly, and very perilous folly, to expect that the most vainglorious and ambitious nation in Europe will acquiesce easily and without bitterness in such an outcome.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Owing to the government restriction on paper, we are obliged to cut down the space given to correspondence. Letters that are brief have a better chance of being printed.

Child Labor and Democracy

SIR: American soldiers and civilians are fighting this war not merely for their own sakes, but for their children's sakes. They are fighting not merely for the preservation, but for the perpetuation of democratic ideals and institutions. They are fighting, that is, for the heritage of their children. They are fighting to a finish so that their children shall not have to fight this war over again.

These children are children today, but men and women tomorrow. A grievous injury is being done to the boys and girls and to the nation by the relaxation of laws relating to child labor and compulsory education and by the absence of federal legislation to take the place of the Child Labor Act of 1916, declared invalid by the Supreme Court June 3, 1918. On June 4th, cotton mills began putting their child workers back on the old eleven-hour-a-day schedule. All over the country, work permits are being granted to school children in greater numbers than ever before—in some states a two-fold increase over previous records; in some cities a six-fold increase. This war is for the children. Let us not do them an irreparable injury by failing to protect them against profiteering employers, short-sighted parents, and their own eagerness to earn two dollars a day. Their place is in school. It has been statistically established that going to school is a ten-dollar-a-day job.

This is a war of democracy. Permission of the practice of child labor is inconsistent with the democratic ideals which we profess. It denies its victims a fair chance in life.

S. J. Baker, writing in the New York Medical Journal, says this: "We are fighting to make the world safe for democracy, but we must also fight to make our children fit to perpetuate this democracy when it shall have been attained." Child labor, while not fatal to this programme, is antagonistic to it.

RAYMOND G. FULLER.

Brooklyn, New York.

Without Quotes

SIR: My review, with the caption Two Irish Critics, made disturbing reading for me when I found that two quoted passages appeared as part of the article—one quotation from Mr. Eglinton and the other from Mr. Boyd. I should like to take credit for Mr. Eglinton's style and for Mr. Boyd's critical insight if I could do so without being made responsible for their opinions. The ordinary terrors of Irish intellectual life, however, leave me prone to let these two writers stand for their own ideas. The passage quoted from Mr. Eglinton's Anglo-Irish Essays had reference to the penal times in Ireland, and its thesis was that under the penal regime Gælic Ireland actually

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increased and multiplied, achieved unity, and entered into the golden age of Irish poetry. This passage began: "Perhaps, indeed, the dear Irishman is never so unconvincing as when he talks, as he is fond of doing, of the horrible events of the penal times," and ended: "During the 'Augustan age' of English literature poems were written in Ireland which have far more in common with later developments of English poetry—with poems, for example, like Shelley's When the Lamp Is Shattered, or George Meredith's Love in the Valley—than anything produced by the 'wits' of the London coffee houses." The passage quoted from Mr. Boyd's Appreciations and Depreciations had to do with Bernard Shaw. Important factors in Shaw's work, Mr. Boyd showed, were due to his being Irish and Protestant. This passage began: "His escape to London lifted Shaw not only out of the family environment, but also out of the atmosphere of political and religious concentration," and ended: "In short, as an Irish Protestant, no longer in direct contact with 'the enemy,' he could utter aloud the thoughts which tradition would have forced him to keep private lest he betray the cause of loyalism to its adversaries."

PADRAIC COLUM.

The German Language

SIR: In the issue of the New Republic for August 24th, on page 110, S. R. Smith, in order to prove that Germany alone among the great nations has little claim to literary distinction, asks you to quote one line of German literature. You gracefully obliged the writer by fittingly quoting: "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." In this connection the following correspondence may be of interest. On January 9th, after finishing reading President Wilson's great State paper (with the fourteen points) I sent the following telegram to the President: "Most hearty thanks and profound admiration for your great State paper. Followed your development since some time before your becoming president of Princeton. When finished reading your address that truthful sentence came into my head, Es waechst der Mensch mit seinen Zielen." On the following day I received the following letter from Mr. J. P. Tumulty, secretary to the President: "The President has asked me to thank you warmly for your kind telegram of January 9th. He deeply appreciates your generous expressions of approval and your good will."

SAMUEL JAMES MELTZER.

New York City.

Puritanic Taboos

SIR: It is relevant to remark, apropos of the Puritan heritage of modern America, recently discussed by Mr. Baxter and others, that present day moralism does not date from the Puritans, whose ideals had become thoroughly putrefied by the middle of the nineteenth century; but rather from the insurgent middle and lower classes, who by this time had become strong enough to perpetuate their taboos. The Puritans took on fat and left the business of making ideals to their servants, and, since these had no idealistic capabilities, they gave us the taboos that Mr. Dreiser and his friends are growling over today. Indeed, one is tempted to suggest that if Mr. Dreiser knew more about history and less about nerves, his analyses of present day America would be given greater consideration.

R. D. JAMESON.

Moscow, Idaho.

The Reward for War's Survivors

SIR: Some months ago you printed an extract from one of my son's letters which I sent to you. At that time he was in the American Ambulance Field Service on the Verdun front. After his time there expired he enlisted for naval aviation with the American forces; but on receiving an injury to his foot he was given an honorable discharge from all active service with the American forces. Not content to come home, he looked around for the most active work for which he was still fit, and found a place with the American Red Cross, Italian Ambulance Service. He has been in Italy since early in the year and is now with Section 4, near Asiago.

The enclosed extract from a recent letter is interesting, coming as it does from a lad 22 years of age.

ANNIE G. PORRITT.

Hartford, Connecticut.

ZONA DI GUERRA, ITALIA.
June 8, 1918.

I find that I've laid myself open to criticism by several statements favoring fair play for the Boche after the war. I suppose that it is not much use saying anything that could in any way be twisted to favor Fritz while America is in her present mood. A rather peculiar fact, but true withal, is that the closer you get to the actual front the less expressed hatred toward the enemy you hear. An example of this was the beautiful military funeral given Baron von Richthofen by the bravest of England's fighters, her aviators. These nations that have been in the war three or four years have replaced the active hatred that they used to feel with a deep contempt, and now are devoting all their energies to defeating him. But America seems to be in the first stage of the game.

I have no love for the Germans. I've seen too much of their work. My big objection to this service is that I'm not helping to put something with a kick in it across the line to Fritzy. If we don't win the victory that we're setting out for, and if the spirit of Prussianism still rules in Germany after the war, I shall favor every form of social and commercial boycott that will tend to prevent Germany from gathering together material for another like this, and also to keep her lying emissaries from permeating and corrupting the fabric of the Allied nations as she was doing in the pre-war days. But if we win—and we're going to win—I want the war to end with our victory. If the German people succeed in throwing off the Junker yoke and if they disavow all the crimes that have been committed in the name of the German Government, I don't believe in putting them up on a pedestal and getting sentimental over them, but neither do I believe in hanging such a millstone of scorn and reproach around their necks that they cannot pull themselves up again.

All men who have fought in this war will agree on one thing—that is that this is the last war we want to fight for some years to come. At the clean-up at the end of this we don't want any rotting bits left around to fester and start another. Should a humiliated and defeated Germany be boycotted by the rest of the world, one thought would soon rise foremost in her mind—to get even. As our vigilance relaxed, her agents would penetrate the weaker of the Allied Powers and begin efforts to swing them into alliance with her. Before long conditions would again be similar to those of pre-1914. Those of us who survive this deserve something better than that for our efforts.

LONGSHAW K. PORRITT.

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Creative America

Letters and Leadership, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

IT is not in the comic spirit that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks looks upon America. He is grim about America. Like Wordsworth writing of a flaccid England, or Tolstoy writing of a degenerate Europe, Mr. Brooks is all-including in his solemn denunciation. "The really effective approach to life," as he puts it, "is the poetic approach"; and the American approach is the acquisitive. "Why has it been impossible for us to compass the poetic view of life that has proved itself in other countries capable of so many wonderful things? It is because we have never been able to make any complicated imaginative demand upon life. Our field of reality has required such an over-development of our acquisitive instincts that our creative instincts have had no scope at all; and consequently we have never been able to rise above those two equally uncreative conceptions of human nature, the total depravity of Puritanism and that optimistic self-complacency which is Puritanism's obverse and twin brother." In view of these facts, or suppositions, Mr. Brooks wants a revolution in American literature, and, since "literature is a manifestation of society," a revolution in the American attitude toward life. "We have no national fabric of spiritual experience," he cries. We have no "common understanding on the creative plane." We must "envisage method," of course, but we must "envisage method in terms of value." We need a "new synthesis," a new set of reverences, a collective spiritual life.

Before one examines these premises, the point of Mr. Brooks's argument must be stated. He is not a religious evangelist. The word "spiritual" with him is loosely and readily interchanged with "creative," "imaginative" and "poetic." He is a revivalist, but an æsthetic revivalist, and he pours his high light on the leadership of letters. "It is art and literature which give the soul its higher values and make life worthy of intercession." So he declares. But he feels he is one of a younger generation that turns away unsatisfied from "pragmatism." He is separated "not only from our traditional leaders, but also from our awakeners, the pragmatists, who are so busily unfolding the social order of which they form an integral part." What he needs is to see America join the other nationalist aspirants, rising "on the wings of a warm, humane, concerted endeavor, nation after nation, casting off whatever incubus of crabbed age, paralysis, tyranny, stupidity and sloth has lain most heavily on the people's life, checking the free development of personality, retarding the circulation of generous ideas." He wants a revolution. He wants to see Americans "employed by civilization." He wants to see us responsible and significant, "in the name of an incalculably rich international humanity that beckons from the future."

In unfolding these aspirations Mr. Brooks leaves no doubt that he is intensely dissatisfied with his contemporaries. "It is the level itself that is at fault in America." And he imprisons those with whom he disagrees in tight classifications—intellectualists, mechanists, pragmatists, individualists, materialists, oppositionists, animalists, localists. His jargon, in fact, is not unlike the jargon of the sociology which depresses him. He urges creative energy in dessicated phrases. He is drably eager for rude reality and gloomily earnest for joy. "As soon as the foundations of our life have been reconstructed and made solid on the basis of an experience of which we have been shown the potentialities, all these extraneous, ill-regulated forces will rally about their newly-found centre." Is this Van Wyck Brooks on the glory of life, or John Graham Brooks on the cooperative movement? In any case, it is the lingo of sociology undefiled.

Mr. Brooks's drabness and dryness are rather beside the real point of his book, however—the spiritual deficiency of America. He is sombre because everything in him that is sensitive, responsive, leal, is checked and baffled and baulked in acquisitive America. He sees America, for all its prosperity and security, set a face of clay against the artist's life. The country to which he adheres does not adhere to his own best impulses, his "feelings and desires." The language of Santayana and Bertrand Russell, of Pater and Morris and Ruskin, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, is dead language in the ears of professors, critics, pragmatists, sociologists. America is dealing in small profits and quick returns, spiritually considered. It is in tune with the finite. And the "poetic approach" is barred.

In one sense the indictment is paltry and shrill. Mr. Brooks does less than no credit to the abiding faith of Americans in certain great principles—a faith that does exist in contrast with the faith of dynastic monarchies, whatever failures in liberty and equality and fraternity have to be scored against industrialized America. Something not unlike a whine, the historic whine of the Puritans, is to be heard in the accusations against "a race that has been too impatient and self-seeking to master its inner secrets." America has inner secrets, secrets free as the wind and open as the stars, which are only incommunicable to the catechist. This is the defect in Mr. Brooks's premises—he beholds, so to speak, a New York nailed on the hideous cruciform of its streets and avenues, and he ignores the New York that built the Pennsylvania station and swung beautiful bridges across the river. One is just as typical in its creativeness as the other in its squalor; and it makes argument too mechanical to forget all creativeness.

There remains, at the same time, a most pertinent, useful and consequential criticism adumbrated in these brief pages of Mr. Brooks. That is the criticism of America's national gift for choking ideas, its refusal to attach sufficient value to any fresh inquiry into the meaning of life. What does life mean to most prosperous Americans? Heaven only knows. It would be a matter of superlatively small importance, of course, if the result of not-caring was equivalent to non-caring. But that is by no means the case. A dead soul is not the same as a non-soul, any more than a dead rat is the same as a non-rat. A dead soul stinks, most horribly. Out of the dead souls of America there emanates a gas more poisonous than the gas of battlefields. It poisons art and literature and religion and philosophy and even science. The unquestioning soul holds himself immune from danger, of course. He feels it is perfectly safe to disregard the immaterial and the impalpable. But the immaterial and the impalpable are just as necessary in life as beef and bread and coal and wood. Without the breath of the eternities, there is no king but the maggot. The maggot that fattens on a dead soul may not wink at you out of the shaving-mirror, but he calls without any formal introduction the minute your soul expires, and begins lording it in your carcase.

Nothing saves one's carcase but a living soul, and it is that Mr. Brooks burns to proclaim. He is not quite clear how Americans become "stunted, starved, thwarted, embittered, prevented from taking even the first step in self-development." But he is immensely conscious that we

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are deficient in intellectual tradition and sympathetic soil and need awareness of it, as well as great men and great ideals. America makes little place in its literature for those expressions that are the core of poetry and philosophy. National "feelings and desires" are not communicated or, as yet, communicable.

The existence of this waste and impoverishment is the chief theme of Mr. Brooks. He has no definite programme for a new life. He is content to make a plea, an exalted and stirring plea, for a recognition of the situation. His book is not rounded. It is partial, inadequate, even harsh. But it leaves a powerful impression of those national insufficiencies which only a man who carries a different air about him can detect in the zones of custom. The passion for a collective understanding of national life distinguishes and elevates Mr. Brooks, and he is right in the emphasis which he gives to his principal contention—that the life of ideas in America is shabby and impoverished, that the range and variety of spiritual experience are jealously circumscribed. The salvation of America as a civilization depends eventually on the acceptance and application of just such criticism. It is this that gives urgent importance to such a hint at a new synthesis. In that new synthesis there will be, must be, many elements that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is now despising and condemning, many elements that are now misunderstood. But he is near the heart of the large consideration, the consideration of America's spiritual life.

F. H.

A Book of Souls

The Inferno, by Henri Barbusse. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

FORTUNATELY for the common peace of mind the average mentality is not given to analyzing, much less diagnosing, its own pains. Otherwise the realization of the complete and innate loneliness of the soul would be too much for the human equilibrium. As it is, the ordinary individual feels only a dim sense of something missing. His aura enfolds him like a chilly mist, and he instinctively huddles to the close warmth of human companionship. As he is never physically alone, he does not perceive the incurable nature of his isolation, for it is only in solitude one becomes intimate with one's entity. But let the cause of this vague unhappiness be once recognized and, like Barbusse, one grows conscious of it as of a universal wound.

Wherever people congregate one hears those gray cavities of souls crying out to be filled. Like greedy, shivering sparrows, they cluster about conflagrations and street accidents, or wherever life spills over. They are nowhere more in evidence than on the fringes of the great war; for there is no need to conscript people for service *behind the lines*. All the little chilly souls run out of their ennui as out of a shell. Each is eager to offer his services and receive in return some reassuring warmth, some glance of the collective eye, some solid anchorage in the eternal slipping of things.

Art has always recognized and expressed this common need; sometimes almost satisfied it, as in Beethoven's music, which seems to have tracked loneliness to its last retreat and emerged serenely master. Perhaps music, more than any other art born in the utter solitudes of the spirit, interprets it most completely. Even ragtime expresses that aimless running together of the feet of crowds.

The expression of this common longing for completion is part of the poignant appeal of all great art. It is carved in the heads of Donatello, shutting their secrets behind remote lips. It stares at us out of Leonardo's portraits—Mona Lisa is an epic of the unapproachable loneliness of the soul. Shakespeare, like Michael Angelo, made for himself too much company to sit long under its shadow, but that naked spirit of the Sonnets knew it, that spirit that speaks to us so simply and starkly that we are never quite sure we understand him.

But only the moderns began really to probe at the quick loneliness, examine and dissect it. In Maeterlinck it manifests itself in the fear of death. He approaches his theme as a brave child tip-toes forward to touch a shadow that appals him. And Chekhov, sober and bitterly sane, plumbs perhaps deeper than any other the ashen ennui and abysmal loneliness of the universal soul.

For how little difference there is between races after all. Seen through that opacity that training and environment spreads before them like a curtain, men are essentially alike. This is a truth Barbusse brings out in The Inferno, as well as in his famous book Under Fire. And not only in the debate between the doctors, where even the old traditionalist admits: "man is more closely knit to man than to his vague compatriots," and that "the cult of the fatherland" is the cancer of the world, but in the mere depiction of the vivid and flitting characters of The Inferno. For these French souls grope in barren spaces, clutching and rebuffing each other, bored and unhappy as Chekhov's Russians. Totally unlike the Slav writer in temperament and style, Barbusse yet sees with him eye to eye.

How often one walking at night stares avidly at curtained windows, longing to open those crystal cases where life burns so secretly, and watch the gesticulating figures in the abandon of their unconsciousness.

This is what Barbusse's Inferno has done.

Through a hole in the cracked plaster of the wall, he watches the people that come and go in the room with its common furniture "and the window like a human face against the sky."

Here the servant girl enters with her blackened hands and "her body giving forth an unpleasant odor." Believing herself alone, she does not disturb the dust of the room. And her gesture to her absent lover is dignified and beautiful.

Here too come the children, and theirs is the one gracious idyl of the room.

"Then I heard one of them stammer and say sadly, with almost a sob:

"'We love each other dearly.'

"Then a tender phrase rose breathlessly, groping for words, timidly, like a bird just learning to fly:

"'I'd like to love you more.'"

Here is no suggestion of conflict. Both are as yet unconscious of their essential loneliness as of its impotent antidote. All joys are yet cupped for them, brimming and sweet, and tender and fragile they only brush each other like blossoms out of the eternal spring of the world:

"Where were they? Everywhere, since they existed. They were on the banks of the Nile, the Ganges, or the Cydnus, on the banks of the eternal river of ages. They were Daphnis and Chloë, under a myrtle bush in the Greek sunshine, the shimmer of leaves on their faces, and their faces mirroring each other. Their vague little conversation hummed like the wings of a bee, near the freshness of fountains and the heat that consumed the meadows, while in the distance a chariot went by, laden with sheaves."

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After the children, an intermittent procession passes through the room. Guilty lovers and strange women who whisper of love, but whose faces the watcher never sees, and the man dying of cancer and the pregnant woman, jetting the ever bewildering miracle of life out of her racked and broken body. Here shivering entities huddle together to dispel their awful loneliness, or to get a little imagined warmth by pressing their bodies together. Like the priest, to whom his faith is as a weapon to be levelled at the breast of the dying, each reaches blindly for the outward symbol, ignoring the divinity within. And each recoils back into himself more alone than ever, and with a sense as of something outraged. For love, like an empress abased, is used to serve and carry, or amuse the jaded spirit, like a jester or a teller of public tales—or for anything save its own amazing glory.

Amy, who sees it as a life line to drag her out of the addled river of her days, "toys with her lover's hand" and recalls their first meetings in a vain effort to restore their papier mâché love: "There was a void between them. Say what you will, do what you will, revolt, break into a passion, dispute, threaten—in vain. Isolation will conquer you."

Later, her husband looks with a "bestial indifference" at her splendid nudity, uncovered as indifferently with the callousness of habit. He would rather embrace the servant girl with the dirty finger nails: "To have what one has not." He would have love take the place of the smell of tar and ships landing at strange wharves, and gulls screaming against the sky. . . . But love will not dance before this clipped adventurer, whose soul, shrunk and limber, sits grayly at home, bequeathing its vagrancy to the flesh. And as the girl roughly eludes him, we remember that first gesture in the room and the letter that "was the whitest thing in the world."

So they come and go; each in his own inferno threshing like the half of a broken whole, with quivering antennæ reaching vainly for completion. And above them the watcher peers through the gray wall and warms his cold spirit against the authentic flame of their truth—that dissolves about them in ashes.

Even the embrace of Anna and her lover, who approach each other "like two tall flames," has its inevitable recoil. A shadow already slants across their full love, and we feel that they will soon look at one another anew out of their invincible loneliness.

Barbusse seems to epitomize his idea of the human conflict in the poet's story of the mother and her child: "Her cruel heart was full of one heart only. . . . It hated men and settled accounts with them like a destroying angel." See, he seems to say, this hate of man to man, this tigerish struggle, may be traced to its first source in the mothers of men! But if it were true that the mother will defy men and subordinate all their issues to the survival of her child, her termagant devotion would destroy the very thing it helps to create, and war would become a thing of the past.

For who would stay the march of the mothers, or deny their withholding arms? As it is, we truly see them "standing erect," and perhaps they are "laughing with torn mouths," but where are their "fearful nails"?

The translator has preserved well the beauty of Barbusse's style with its nervous yet fluid rhythms. Every simile is faultlessly keyed. The watcher, alone and anguished in his room: "There was only I that, stripped by the night, rose upward like a cry." And: "I held my hands out toward the window, my outstretched fingers making them look like something torn." And this of Anna's lover: ". . . his great black eyes, in which I saw distinctly the white face of the woman floating like a swan."

In reading The Inferno one somehow thinks of Swinnerton's Nocturne—perhaps because he, too, sounds, though not so poignantly, that note of eternal isolation. But we see Mr. Swinnerton's extraordinarily vivid characters as through an open door, and we are conscious always of the rank opacity of their flesh. The Frenchman's creations are like naked spirits—spirits seen through the pale luminosity of that *I* that enfolds them like an aura. This astounding ego encompasses and absorbs all that it envisions. The result is that we do not look through "a hole in the wall" at substantial people walking about, but through the lighted rift in a soul where strangely glowing shadows pass and repass. Even Anna's minutely described and shining body gleams faint as the reflection through a stained glass window.

As Mr. O'Brien says in his fine and sympathetic preface, the book sweeps away life's illusions. But I cannot agree with him that it holds out any new hope—unless indeed of future repetitions of "The word that does not lie" and of the sign of a prophet or of a great book or of a song.

Eternal isolation, and yet eternal miracle—immensity within us—all the vast circumference of life, and all divine that is. . . . This is the essence of the author's final illumination. If it be true, men are lonely Gods, incapable of fusing with each other, yet each seeking completion in the outward shadow of what lies within. And so it would seem that there can be no end to the human conflict, but that souls must go on crashing into each other's orbits like contending worlds.

LOLA RIDGE.

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National Self-Government

National Self-Government, by Ramsay Muir. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75.

EVERY generalization is, in some measure, the deliberate thief of truth; and when one looks back over the vast area Professor Ramsay Muir has here endeavored to survey, perhaps one's main feeling is of satisfaction that in a volume which, as he tells us, is "designed for the use of the ordinary intelligent citizen who is neither an expert historian nor a professed political philosopher," there should be so little to which serious objection can be taken. Yet there are serious defects in the book. The background of the war throws its shadow too vividly over the whole. History is made too greatly a preparation for aligning England and France on the side of freedom and Germany on the side of despotism. Not even the most enthusiastic patriot will be tempted to believe that the convictions for assault in Germany were (p. 276) exactly one thousand times as frequent as those in England and Wales without reference to the authority relied upon, or explanation thereof. Liberty, it is at least probable, has roots far wider and far subtler than Professor Muir's brilliant simplicity would make obvious. The problem of the division of powers is assuredly far more complex than he seems (p. 26) to make it; and the method by which its dangers have in America been overcome is not the rigid discipline of party, but, as Mr. Harlow has shown in an admirable treatise, the committee system of Congress. But, when criticisms like this have been made, it remains fairly true that Professor Muir's book is a valuable contribution to the general task of political education. We badly need the service of the expert in the interpretation of historic evolution to the man in the street. We are so much the deposit of the past that we become unintelligible without constant reference to the traditions we inherit; and until some divinely inspired successor of Green will do for institutional history what he did for the English people, Professor Muir's book, by its eloquence and its valuable insistence upon the comparative method, will hold the field by its own just deserts.

Certain principles that it lays down are worth more than passing comment because they indicate the attitude of an acute critic to foreign institutions. Professor Muir is probably right in his insistence that the American system of a division of powers is unfortunate; but it is not thus lightly to be dismissed. One of the gravest concerns of political science is to prevent the too-great concentration of power at any point in the state. That was the root of Montesquieu's famous doctrine; and certainly both he and his disciples deserve credit for an insight as applicable to our day as to their own. Indeed it may be urged with justice that the present position of the executive in every great state can hardly help but suggest a balance to be redressed. Nor does Professor Muir seem fully to grasp the perspective in which the right of judicial review must be set. The whole point of allowing a judiciary to set aside measures lies in the fact that it is, after all, the most securely independent power in the state; and the notion of a written constitution implies the existence of a body to interpret it. The idea, so popular to the professionally radical mind, that the courts are less representative of the nation than the legislature and ought not, therefore, to review the latter's acts, is not only stupid, but irrelevant. It is not to that canon of judgment that the power of judicial review relates. It is based upon the fact that certain ideas were deemed too fundamental in their nature to be subject to change by the ordinary act of the legislature. Everyone can see, for instance, that it would be unwise to allow Congress to change the length of the Presidential term at will; and some institution there must be to safeguard against usurpation of that kind. And in a federal commonwealth like America, it is not too much to say that the very existence of the union hinges upon this power; and even in a unitary state like France distinguished professors who are also socialists look to a coming institution of such a power as the one adequate method of securing a full governmental responsibility to the basic purpose of the state. In England, of course, the theory of parliamentary sovereignty and the absence of a written constitution have rendered judicial review unnecessary; but already the Parliament act has conferred a kindred power upon the speaker in relation to money-bills, and there is room for much speculation as to the future of parliamentary sovereignty itself.

Professor Muir insists with justice upon the immense power exerted by the civil service of the modern state; though he is hardly happy in selecting France as an instance of that power. There is, indeed, here a problem of the gravest magnitude. It is, on the one hand, evident that the business of a great state cannot be left, as it is in America so largely left, to the benevolent amateur. Yet it is not less clear that immediately we enter the twilight of the official and expert world, we encounter a spirit that is hostile to what is most fundamental in democracy. It is unquestionable that there are few problems to which such attention must in the future be paid. Probably, as Mr. Graham Wallas has suggested, much can be done by the conference of greater publicity as when the civil servant signs the report for which he is really responsible; still more can doubtless be achieved by the careful association of officials on committees of the legislature by co-option. The more the democratic state embarks upon greater responsibility, the higher will be the effort needed to ward off an inevitable tendency to the kind of paternalism which Bismarck made the subtlest weapon of his tyranny. The root of the response to the problem has certainly not, as yet, been discovered.

Professor Muir emphasizes with eloquence the impossibility of a world in which democracy and autocracy subsist side by side. But his interpretation here suffers from a capital defect which is the more curious in one who has lived with keen eyes in the last four years. Democracy, for him, seems always to imply parliamentary democracy; and he does not seem to admit that its implications are far wider. Yet the one great internal discovery of the war in England has been the impossibility of leaving side by side political institutions that are democratic and industrial institutions that are oligarchical. Whatever the defects of Marx—and Professor Muir enumerates them with enthusiasm—he did at least understand the subtle fashion in which the economic system invades every nook and cranny of the body politic. To be an elector of the sovereign people is not worth very much to a half-starved worker in a sweatshop in Whitechapel. Professor Muir himself must have been impressed by the relation between the growing strength of trade-unionism and attention in Parliament to the workers' needs. There is a real possibility that, in the near future, legislatures will be less the makers of laws than the organs for their registration. The sovereign state of the nineteenth century has reached its apogee; and we shall do well to remember the warning of a great French thinker not to confound the institutions to which we have grown accustomed with the necessary elements of social organization.

H. J. L.

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Dostoevsky Stories

The Gambler, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

WHY was not Poor Folk, the first of Dostoevsky's stories, given first place in this latest volume of the American edition? It is a better story than The Gambler and has a quiet pathetic fragrance about it that is pleasing after the intense and complex drama by Dostoevsky's longer creations. It is a series of letters between a poor old man and the girl governess he is befriending after she has been seduced by the unaccountable gentleman who later turns up to marry her. The beginning of the efforts of her ineffectual old friend is not very clear, but his letters, written from the background of a tenement of wretched people, even poorer than he, present his touching reverence for her, his pitiful little subterfuges about money, his kindly garrulity. And from some nearby lodging she answers him, uneasy that he should be denying himself for her, proud in her effort to keep herself together, bitterly perplexed as to what is to become of her. But the story does not need too definite a setting. It is a quivering drama of inner feelings. The analysis is exquisite. The motives and emotions that struggle in these sorely tried hearts are pictured with all the precision and warm understanding of Dostoevsky's last great epic of the Karamazovs. Dostoevsky is never simple, but this early story has a freshness of outline, an artlessness of plot, that make it seem more simply set on the human level than his later works.

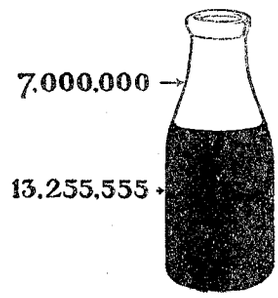
If Poor Folk of all his stories seems the least obsessed, the third story in this volume — The Landlady — shows almost the pure material of dream. The story is not extravaganza, for in extravaganza you know that the author is amusing himself along with you. The frightful intensity of the emotional tone precludes any amusement here. Neither does the narrative purport to be a conventional dream-story, where the narrator wakes dutifully at the end and brings us all back comfortably to real life again. We cannot take all the characters as mad, the strange old man, the lovely passionate girl, and the sick student who so queerly gets taken in to lodge with them. Can we take it all as anything but fantasy, the rawest material of dream, unworked, unvarnished? This blazing girl is as totally incomprehensible as the melodramatic fortunes which she relates to the young invalid. And the denouement of their disappearance only leaves the mystery thicker. Yet here is the story in black and white, engraved with the same deep conviction of Poor Folk. What are we to conclude, except that this weird story had an intense inner meaning for Dostoevsky, that these characters symbolized some ardent desire which expressed itself in this occult form and so gave his soul relief? Can we explain The Landlady, except as a blazing formless chip flung off from his imaginative fire into the darkness? In a story like The Gambler you have the finished workmanlike product, the dream moulded into the contours of conscious life.

Contributors

H. SIDEBOTHAM, formerly military critic of the Manchester Guardian, and the editor of the Manchester Guardian's History of the War. He is a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and the author of French Perspectives. She has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

H. G. WELLS.



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